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Helmut Blows the Gaff

As Chancellor of Federal Germany, Helmut Schmidt has always had a visionary idea of the Common Market, and he has never been modest about proselytising for it. More than one Labour audience has had the benefit of his view – that Europe could strike a balance between the power blocs, make a new deal with the Third World, blaze trails in planning and cooperation. His repeated stress on the need for an internationalist attitude in European socialist parties has been on all fours with this view. Or so it seemed to many people. Now, amid embarrassed and equivocal denials (not including his own), he has tactlessly revealed a four-power protocol on Italy which, whether it is formal or unwritten, constitutes an invasion of Italian sovereignty and a grotesque betrayal of the Italian Socialist Party by at least its German and British brothers.

There are at least three severe anomalies in the four-nation stance. First, with widespread disquiet among wage-earners and economists about Mr Healey's increasingly frank appeasement of foreign bankers in the matter of public expenditure, is Britain really in any position to dictate political loan terms to anybody? Second, with the clumsy efforts of President Ford to outbid Ronald Reagan in the anti-communist stakes, do we honestly need to lend ourselves to his opportunist manoeuvres? Finally, at a time when the Common Market is increasingly riven by disagreement and jealousy between the fat cat countries and the Benelux-Irish-Danish periphery, what is there to admire in the secretive top-table arrogance of the Big Three in concert with America? It seems that the unspoken deal was cooked up amid the sweltering neglect which characterises United States stewardship of Puerto Rico. Bad enough as a birthplace, but even the strong stomach of the Italian Christian Democrats has rebelled against the implicit reasoning – that Italian citizens are not good enough to make their own decisions. The Communists, of course, will be laughing their heads off. From now on, no Italian politician will be able to lift his head without denouncing the 'banker's ramp'. No amount of hurt-sounding denials

will obscure the fact that men like Helmut Schmidt do not say such things for fun.

European social democracy (or democratic socialism, to use a more telling term) risks making a complete fool of itself on the issue of communism. The Italian Socialist Party – which obviously was not consulted by its friends in this latest episode – made a highly intelligent judgment during the most recent and current Rome government crisis. Their spokesman argued that it was not a question of the communists, but of the social force and weight that they could mobilise and represent. That statement – with marginal implications in the British Isles – is of the first importance in Portugal, France and Italy today, and will assume greater proportions in Spain, Greece and Cyprus before long.

The hope must be that Europe can synthesise genuine socialism and full-blooded democracy. Properly considered, the two are inseparable in any case. The enemies of this process are the old-line Stalinists on one hand and the Vatican-rooted Christian Democrats on the other. There may be strong elements of hypocrisy in the new-found positions of many European communist leaderships, but at least they now recruit members and votes on the basis of pluralism and tolerance. The French Socialist Party relegated itself to insignificance under the Fourth Republic by caving in to anti-communism, and leaving the issues of colonial independence and political democracy to be taken up by the ideologues of *L'Humanité*. The resurgence of M. Mitterand has been mainly due to his willingness to talk with communist workers and voters over the heads of their ex-Stalinist mentors. It is that door which may be slammed by the Puerto Rico 'agreement'.

The British Labour Party is in the throes of its most acrimonious debate since 1966. The issue is: will we be governed at the behest of foreign financiers? Mr Healey and the Government say no; the decision will be freely taken without coercion. They should extend the same courtesy to the Italians.

Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Let Me Out of Here

The main thing that worries me about my job is - I am afraid of going mad. For the last week or so I have been suffering from nightmares, all of them about Westminster, and I find it alarming that it is becoming increasingly difficult to tell the difference between what I have dreamt and what I have seen. The philosopher G. J. Warnock, my old tutor, thought that there was a quality in dreams that made them distinguishable from reality. But I don't suppose that Warnock, at the time that he reached this conclusion, had ever seen Norman St John-Stevias floating into the chamber with 200 amendments under his arm; I don't suppose he'd ever sat through one of Robin Maxwell-Hyslop's points of order; and among other Tory back-benchers, I don't suppose he'd studied Michael Brotherton's neck, or Nigel Lawson's face.

Lawson's face is extraordinary. For a start, it dominates the rest of his body in a manner which other faces do not. It has to be displayed, this face, on a more or less horizontal plane. Imagine a man wearing a mask, and imagine that the elastic which holds the mask on has just broken, so that the man (rather than let the mask slip off) has to tilt his head back and balance the mask on his real face. This is the kind of tyranny which Lawson's face exerts over the rest of his body as he cruises along the corridors. Another way of putting it would be to say that Lawson sticks his nose in the air wherever he goes. He doesn't look down his nose at you, he looks along his nose.

The best place to examine Lawson's face from is therefore the gallery. What you realise is that there are two kinds of tendon concealed somewhere in the ample neck, and that these tendons, because the head is always tilted backwards, draw the corners of his mouth downwards. The result of this anatomical peculiarity is that Lawson's face (such is our natural eagerness to find out the mind's construction from the face) gives an inevitable impression of superiority and self-regard. It's the face of somebody who is intensely conscious of the dignity and pomp of the ceremony in which he is taking part. It is not a front bench face. It's very much below the gangway. In a romantic novel or a Hollywood film with historical pretensions, Lawson's face would belong to the man who throws open the double doors, bangs his staff on the floor and announces the arrival of the Duchess. In Beau Brummel's Bath Lawson's face would surmount a natty arrangement of frills and ruffs; there would be a large beauty spot on either cheek; pinches of snuff would regularly make their way up the nostrils; the mouth would be constantly calling on someone to stap Lawson's vitals.

John Peyton's face (it sounds like a television programme - *Peyton's Face*) belongs to a later period. Peyton is a villain from

Bleak House; he wishes the business of Parliament to turn into something along the lines of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, an interminable legal battle fought in darkened courtrooms, at the end of which all the contestants will be dead or decrepit, penniless or broken with disease. But what gives Peyton his nightmarish quality is not so much his face as his character. He really is a very unpleasant person. That's the only thing he's good at. Whereas most speakers in Parliament tend to get a little confused if attacked, or interrupted in the course of the point they are making, Peyton thrives on insults. I imagine he was born and bred in a briar patch. If he's making his speech as prepared, he's the dullest speaker in the House. The best way to tackle him therefore is to let him have his say. As soon as you give him a chance to depart from his brief, the flick-knife is out. Russell Kerr found this to his cost this week when he attacked what Peyton was saying as empty rhetoric. It turned out to be a quotation from Michael Foot. Not necessarily a quotation appropriately used, of course, but a quotation nevertheless: A trap.

Brotherton's neck (it sounds like a place in Cumberland - 'Fire-fighters at Brotherton's Neck have reported extensive damage to hundreds of acres of remote moorland. The fires, which have been raging for the last week, are now said to be under control, although teams of volunteers are on standby to prevent any new flare-ups. Thousands of gallons of much-needed water were poured into the deep crevasses of heather and peat, many of which are expected to continue smouldering until the present dry spell is over'), Brotherton's neck has a quality which renders it unique among the necks in the Commons. The corner of the neck has a penchant for Palatinate purple shirts with white detachable collars. The neck arranges itself over the collar in rich swags of fat. When the owner of the neck becomes incensed - which is often - an astonishing system of capillary tubes draws the purple dye from the shirt up the neck and thereby

on to the face. In a matter of seconds, neck, face and shirt can become indistinguishable in pigmentation. Scientists have speculated in vain as to the mechanism whereby this effect is achieved, and as to what survival value, if any, it affords the owner. They can only assume that at some time in the past the Brotherton strain was crossed with that of a chameleon. This would account also for Brotherton's tongue, which can, at a speed too fast for the naked eye to register, dart out across the chamber of the House and snatch the order papers from the hands of astonished Labour back-benchers.

As I look down from the gallery at such scenes, and the eye wanders over Lawson's face, and Peyton's face, and Brotherton's neck, it occurs to me that those who imagine Africa to be a dark continent, those who are afraid that its natives may revert to savagery, those in whom the word 'atavism' provokes a shudder, all these are ignoring the threat that exists here, in this country. It is said that, as Leader of the House, Foot has severely damaged his reputation as a parliamentarian. It is said that his use of timetable motions is inadmissible, a threat to democracy. Peyton's face referred to Tuesday's proceedings as introducing 'dictatorship by consent' - a marvellous concept. Margaret Thatcher has talked about the Iron Curtain being brought down. David Steel has fluffed a carefully prepared line about the guillotine and the French Revolution.

Foot and his team (I suppose Steel imagines Caerwyn Roderick in the role of Saint-Just) see things differently. They say that the cause of the Tory anger over Labour's refusal to drop any legislation from its programme is - part-genuine, yes, since guillotines are indeed a restriction on discussion, but largely the anger of frustration: the Tories are used to ruling, they do not therefore do well in opposition. Labour is much more skilful in opposition. Had Labour been running the blocking tactics over this session's legislation, they say, they would have made a much better job of it.

Foot's view is that it is better that Thatcher should *not* take over. So, although he does not claim particularly to like his present job (the previous one was more interesting), and although he is not under any illusions about the power of the Left within the Government, he considers it worth pushing the legislative programme through. The guillotines will enable the Government to bring the session to an end in mid-November, and we shall then get on to the Devolution Bill. Will it have to be guillotined as well? Foot is not saying. Obviously it is much more difficult for him to propose a guillotine on a Bill which introduces such a fundamental constitutional change. However, he does hint that if the vote on the Second Reading is clear enough, there might be some possibility of manoeuvre. In the meantime he can derive some satisfaction from the Tory rage. To be so near and yet so far from government must be frustrating. Yet when I look at what the Opposition have in store, at the faces of those who consider that they rule by right, the Lawsons, the Peytons, the Brothertons and the rest, when I look at the whole bang shoot, I can only say - thank God for the guillotine.

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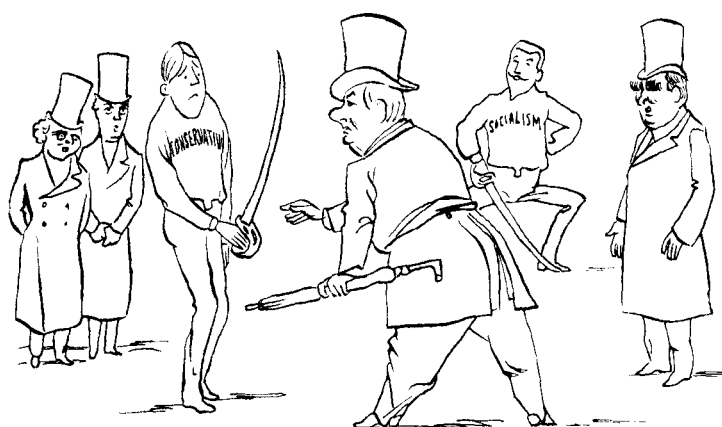
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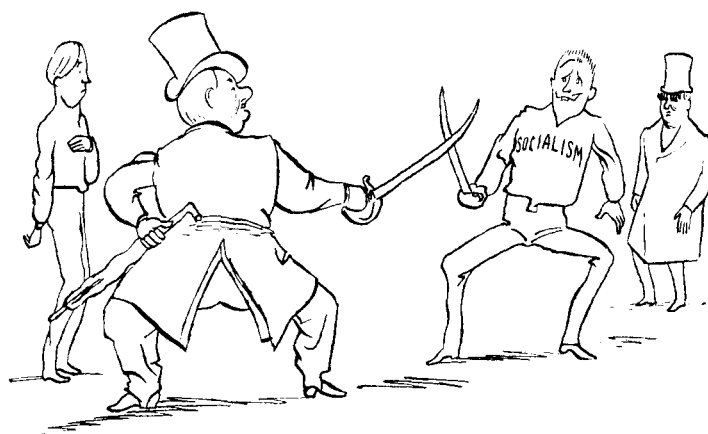
SALUTATIONS



'WAIT A MINUTE, GENTLEMEN. IMPOSSIBLE! HE HOLDS HIS WEAPON LIKE A CANDLE!'



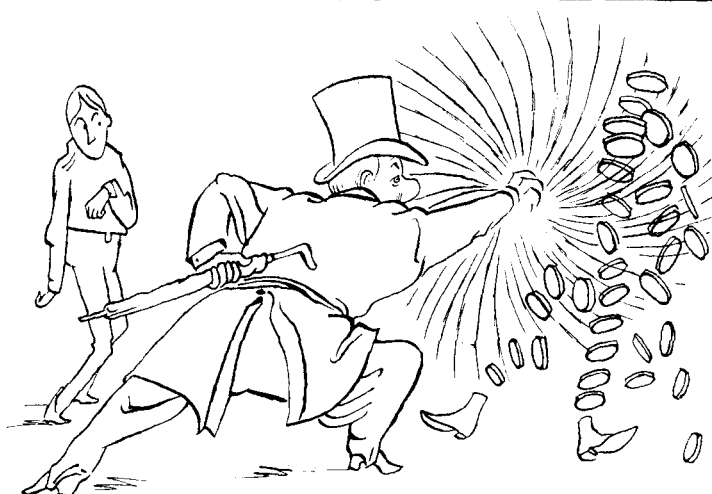
'GIVE IT TO ME!'



'EN GARDE!'



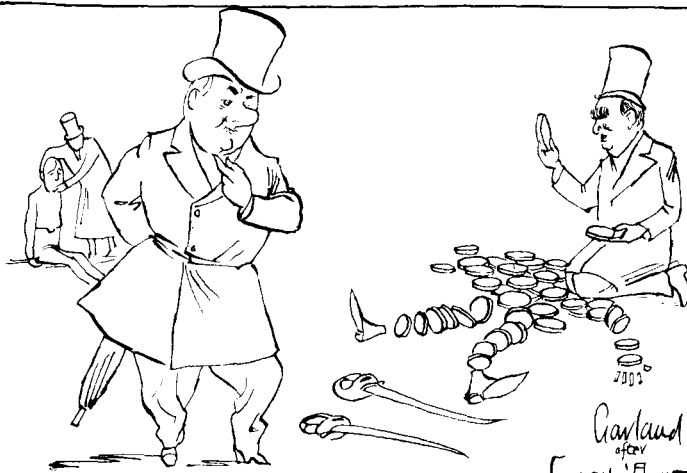
'THAT'S THE WAY!'



'NOW WATCH THIS! AND THIS; AND THIS!'



'THERE! NOW FINISH IT YOURSELF!'



'NOT SO BAD FOR AN OLD 'UN.'

THE DUEL WITH SABRES

Anthony Howard

Private Affluence and Public Squalor

Sadly, there is nothing new about this week's cabinet drama. In fact just exactly a decade ago last week the then Wilson Government was locked in an identical internal battle. This is how Dick Crossman records what happened in cabinet then:

Tuesday 12 July 1966

... The meeting only really got going when Tony Crosland said that whatever happened he didn't want a repetition of the July 1965 crisis. He didn't want to see us once again combating inflation by cutting public expenditure. I chipped in and said to the Chancellor: 'We came into office as socialists and the essence of a socialist policy is a shift from private to public expenditure. The public sector is not too big now - it's far too small. There can be no question of a cut-back.'

No doubt Mr Shore and Mr Benn - and let us hope Mr Crosland too - have been making much the same case over the past week. But the battle was lost in 1966 and the omens at the time of writing hardly suggest a different result on this occasion. Indeed, if anything, the years have eaten away even at the humble test of a socialist faith that Dick Crossman then offered. At least in 1966 the then Chancellor (and present Prime Minister, James Callaghan) simply pleaded that the country was 'in a mess' and that something had to be done; today his successor at the Treasury, Denis Healey, brazens it out and actually tries to persuade us that by lopping huge sums off social spending and diverting resources into the private manufacturing sector, he is doing something inherently sensible in its own right. We may not have made much progress over the past ten years but at least Labour Chancellors are no longer shy of encouraging the rest of us to kiss the rod and hug the lash.

For, if socialists are not going to protect public spending, who is? I wrote above that in attempting to rally his colleagues to a defence of public expenditure ten years ago, Dick Crossman was proposing only a 'humble test' of the strength of their socialist convictions. And so indeed he was. The argument in 1966 - and now in 1976 - is not, after all, about storming the commanding heights of the economy: it is about protecting the foothills of basic social welfare. Nor does one have to be a socialist to believe that that is a worthwhile thing to do. In American terms John Kenneth Galbraith rates as no more than a 'liberal'; yet his book, *The Affluent Society*, first published as long ago as 1958, still stands as the *locus classicus* of the case for public spending.

It might well have been no bad idea if it had been made prescribed reading for the cabinet this week. For, *pace* Mr Healey, one lesson that Professor Galbraith insistently drives home is the need for any healthy society constantly to see to it that its public services are not sacrificed as the price of increasing private production. That path, argues Galbraith, can lead only to 'an

atmosphere of private opulence and public squalor' (not, curiously, 'private affluence and public squalor', the phrase that has actually passed into the language). But that, of course, is precisely the path down which Mr Healey seems determined to lead us.

If nothing else, the crudity of Mr Healey's approach proves that he has never really grasped the concept of 'social balance' that Galbraith tried to teach the world almost two decades ago. Take the case of cars. Road building is, I suppose by common consent, easily the most popular candidate in the field of public expenditure cuts. But is it really sensible for the National Enterprise Board to go on ploughing public money into British Leyland in order to enable it to sell more cars if at the same time the Department of the Environment is expressly forbidden to build new roads?

Exactly the same goes for education. One answer the individual family can make during a period when its real standard of living is being steadily eroded is to try to see to it that it has two breadwinners rather than one. But if the wife goes out to work, or manages to get back to work after having a baby, where does the burden fall? Precisely on the underpinning services - the nursery schools, the community crèches, even (later on) the children's libraries - that are now due to be cut back.

It is no coincidence, of course, that in

any economic crisis it is always public expenditure that becomes the whipping boy. The idea that the voter - or, for that matter, the politician - can make, at a time of retrenchment, a free and uninhibited choice between the demands of private consumption and the needs of the public services is a totally unrealistic one. The public service sector has, after all, no friends pressing its claims in the commercial market place: no TV jingles dwell on sewage disposal, no tube advertisements draw attention to the work of those who clean our streets, no cinema 'screen services' urge the conservation of water (whatever they may do for the consumption of vodka).

And yet main drainage, clean streets, an adequate supply of water are surely as essential to what even the Tories are pleased to call 'the quality of life' as a gleaming motor car, a spanking new washing machine or a glittering cocktail cabinet. No ambassadors, however, operate on their behalf at the bar of public opinion. The man who discovers a new want in the consumer market is regarded as an excellent and resourceful fellow; the man who discovers a gap in the social services is lucky not to be regarded as a dangerous nuisance.

The conflict, therefore, between basic social provision and the demands of mass consumption is, and has always been, an unequal one. It is certainly not made any more equal when those who might be expected to carry the flag for 'the social balance' defect from the colours and flee to the enemy. If the battle has been lost this week by those in the cabinet resisting public expenditure cuts, it is not just individual services that will suffer: a cause that has always been an essential part of the socialist case will be in danger of finally going under.

Robin Cook*

Into the Tornado

As expenditure cuts threaten to reduce the programmes of other ministers to ruins one charmed survivor has emerged unscathed from the rubble. Roy Mason has somehow yet again rescued the entire production order of the RAF for their next generation of combat aircraft, from under the jealous eyes of cabinet colleagues. Mason's achievement is no mean feat given the stunning expense of the plane, the Tornado, which will cost at least £6m. per unit. To this 'fly-away' price must be added the cost of the elaborate infrastructure each plane demands before it can actually fly - training programmes, life-time spares, and fuel. The resultant 'systems cost' is more or less double the original figure. Thus the procurement of the 385 copies of the Tornados which the Chiefs of Staff want will cost the equivalent of one year's entire defence budget. The price of a pair of wings approxi-

*Robin Cook, Labour MP for Edinburgh Central, is Defence Correspondent of the NEW STATESMAN.

mates to the amount which my local authority, a city of half a million, has just been instructed by the Government to cut out of its budget, leading to reduced opening hours of the swimming baths, closure of all newspaper rooms, and an eccentric proposal by the officials to increase district council fines.

The problem for the Chiefs of Staff is that, expensive though the Tornado is, there is no cheap alternative if they insist on a large fleet of manned aircraft. The spiralling increase in the costs of modern military aircraft has been so swift that the Pentagon has calculated that if the exponential rise of the past 15 years is projected forward, by the end of 60 years they will be able to afford one plane a year, and only if they spent the entire defence budget procuring it. The European states have responded to the crisis of escalating costs in two ways. First, the Tornado is being developed on a collaborative basis by three nations - Britain, Germany and Italy. The ostensible purpose of collaboration is that by increasing the total production run it reduces the cost-per-unit of

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research and development. However it also has the important advantage to the military that it makes it impossible for the politicians to cancel or reduce the project without offending neighbouring states. Clearly at the Ministry of Defence they fully absorbed the implications of Concorde, from which successive governments have been unable to extricate themselves because the French held us to our commitment.

The second response to rising costs has been to design each new plane to do the work of at least two predecessors. The Tornado, which was in fact first named the Multi-Role Combat Aircraft, fully exemplifies this approach. The basic version will serve as reconnaissance plane, close-support strike aircraft, and strategic bomber. This *pot-pourri* of missions has prompted one critic of the project to dub the Tornado 'an egg-laying, wool-gathering, milk-producing sow'. No doubt it was this curious phenomenon that Chancellor Schmidt had at the back of his mind when he referred to the Tornado as 'the greatest technological achievement since the birth of Christ'. It seems curious to date the creation of a modern war plane by reference to the nativity. It might have been more apt to describe it as the most lethal death-delivery system since the crucifixion.

The trouble with all this versatility is that there are enormous technical problems in packing so many requirements into one plane. Indeed they may yet prove too enormous. It was always hoped that the Tornado could achieve speeds of 1.8 mach, but it has been suggested that so far the prototypes have reached only 1.3 mach, which is really rather embarrassing as the Russians have purpose-made fighters that fly much faster. That is the trouble with breeding sows to lay eggs. Hens tend to do the job better.

The challenge of reconciling the differing requirements of the Tornado is particularly acute for Britain, as we alone are developing a special variant of the basic version to serve as an interceptor and fighter. Unfortunately the performance requirements of a modern strike aircraft are flatly incompatible with an interceptor fighter. For the former you want a plane that can maintain a high speed at a low level with modest fuel consumption, while for the latter you need a powerful thrust to achieve rapid climb and acceleration, which inevitably is extravagant in the use of fuel. It is not unlike attempting to combine in one car the properties of a touring family saloon and a racing model. The resultant hybrid is unlikely to be as efficient as either of its parents – and is certain to be expensive.

The real irony is that today's modern warplane is not only more expensive than its predecessors; it is also vastly more vulnerable as a result of the development of cheap, homing missiles which may cost less than 1 per cent of the aircraft they destroy. As far back as the 1957 White Paper the government was promising that the current generation of manned aircraft would be the last, as their role would soon be more effectively fulfilled by unmanned missiles. Twenty years later the missiles have arrived and their devastating effect has been amply demonstrated in the Yom Kippur War, but we are still committing nearly half our pro-

curement budget to one particular model of manned aircraft.

There is one further feature of project Tornado which merits consideration by Labour supporters. In our manifesto we gave an explicit commitment that we would not proceed to a new generation of nuclear weapons. Now, one of the planes which the Tornado is intended to replace is the Vulcan, which was created for strategic nuclear bombing, and if anyone at the Ministry of Defence is toying with the development of a new generation of nuclear weapons it is most likely that they have the Tornado in mind as the means of delivering it, possibly with the help of a stand-off missile. Bill Rodgers, Minister of State at the Defence Ministry, has dismissed such speculation as 'fanciful', but in an unguarded moment at the press conference when he announced the production order Roy Mason boasted that the Tornado could penetrate the air defences of Moscow. Now, why would we want a plane that could reach Moscow unless for nuclear strike? Surely not to provide close-support of British infantry fighting their way in from the suburbs?

There is in any case the obliging openness

of the Germans who have repeatedly stated that they want the Tornado partly because it can fulfil a nuclear strike role. This is especially intriguing, since Germany is not supposed to have any nuclear weapons, although its air force has reportedly been allowed to practise loading and unloading with American bombs. It would appear that our collaboration in the Tornado project has assisted Germany to develop a strategic bomber, which it is explicitly forbidden to do by the Paris Agreements we both signed after the last war.

When the project first began there were six participating nations. Three withdrew entirely at an early stage as soon as the cost became apparent. Of the remaining three, both Germany and Italy have reduced the numbers they intend to purchase. Britain is not obviously the most wealthy of the original participants, but only we have stood by our original commitment, which is now nearly half the total production order. The survival this week of the entire fleet without the loss of a single plane is an outstanding tribute to the ability of the Defence Ministry to save its own at a time when more obvious Labour priorities have gone to the wall.

Alexander Cockburn

Better than Camelot

The stock market did not sag at the news of Jimmy Carter's nomination; even if the unemployed figures are creeping up once again, no one seems too conspicuously worried about that either. In a country used to news of present menaces and imminent disaster, you see faces positively uplifted with good cheer – by the end of last week even radicals were talking enthusiastically of working under the Carter-Mondale umbrella for the next four years. Carter himself made a nomination speech studded with old-style Democratic pledges to end injustice and poverty, exalt the humble and overthrow the mighty. Martin Luther King Sr bellowed the final benediction and the delegates sang 'We shall overcome'.

At the opening of the convention one New York liberal Democrat had remarked that: 'The next four days will tell us the whole story – whether we sit out the election, vote for Eugene McCarthy (running on a third party ticket) or work with Jimmy Carter.' No doubt about it; Carter will get many of these crucial workers. At the start of this week. George Meany came through with an endorsement from the AFL-CIO. Only the *New York Times* has entered a tiny cavil amid the scenes of uplift, ruminating that Carter's reference to big-shot crooks might be injecting unwholesome ideology into the forthcoming campaign.

Contiguous to this merriment was another cheery phenomenon, enthusiastically fostered by the press and television. I refer to the launching into national consciousness of the Carter family. It is hard to conceive of a television producer who could have

done better. Attractive wife, manly sons, (also with attractive wives), gutsy grandmother and a frolicsome daughter perched somewhere between the preoccupations of Norman Rockwell and Vladimir Nabokov. Add in Carter's rural kin and you have the New South's answer to Camelot – the most fetching star material since Dallas.

Particularly after the unwholesome disclosures of President Kennedy's own casual attitude to the sacred ties, the spectacle of this healthy unit fostered in the bosom of Plains, Georgia, makes many people feel good. Nor are Republicans left out. They can look to the White House where another family straight out of the *Saturday Evening Post* holds sway. Ford, even if he falls over now and again, looks good; his wife looks nice and his children glow with good health and the appearance of clean living.

Even unpleasant aspects of the recent past are being treated with disdain or *douceur*. Vietnam hardly got a mention at the Democratic convention – until a paraplegic veteran produced a visual and rhetorical reminder of a war over for scarcely more than a year. Jimmy Carter says he will not deal with Watergate – though, when pressed, he concedes he would not have pardoned Nixon until after a trial. Ford, holding a healthy outdoor press conference, says he is not sorry he pardoned Nixon and would do so again.

In short you get the impression that many Americans are presently engaged in the effort to snip the last decade and a half out of history altogether; to coax into a blaze the imagined warmth of the Eisenhower/early Kennedy years; to say that

with Carter the South is truly back in the Union; to dream that unemployment will fall below 3 per cent and the Dow Jones index stay above 1,000.

It is the sort of mood you can really only find in an election year, perched between dream and reality. Putting down the champagne glasses businessmen talk about double-digit inflation again within two years. The Democrats proclaim full employment, national health insurance, tax and welfare reform. Less mentioned is the fact that the present Democratic Congress – with a majority of two-to-one – failed to pass a Full Employment Bill, produced a tax bill so scandalously pregnant with special interest crookery that it had to be returned to committee; passed a defence budget giving more than the Pentagon wanted; and is unlikely to pass Senator Kennedy's reasonable Health Bill; scarcely a promising appetiser to a Democratic regime.

It may of course come to pass that the outsider Ford, or the even greater outsider Reagan, will win in November. You can find a number of political punters pre-

pared to take that long bet. And a Republican Administration next year would usher reality back into national consciousness speedily. But a new Democratic Administration could do the job almost as quickly, with the jovial Congress collapsing in the harsh light of government: 'I am moving very sceptically into this new Democratic Administration,' a black congressman from Detroit said last week, 'because my work becomes more difficult, because I'll be fighting with Democrats in the White House, many of whom are going to be giving me the malarky I heard in a previous Democratic Administration. If we don't deal with the problem of the corporate, entrenched enterprise which now forms that part of government sitting invisibly alongside all of us in the public government, making all the major decisions domestically and in terms of foreign policy, then we will have ultimately failed.' No one, presently, is really talking about that problem, or the troubles such a conflict implies.

New York

Murray Sayle

Influence Man from Manchuria

Nothing could be more Japanese, in the classical *kabuki* theatre, than the way they change the scenery. There is no curtain, but neither does anyone hold up a sign reading 'In Another Part of Honshu'. Instead, when the time comes to change geisha house for shogun's castle, men dressed entirely in black and wearing black masks come on, weave their way through the wailing actors, seize the props and hustle them off. Called *kuroko* ('black boys') these stagehands are fully visible on the brightly-lit stage, but, because they are not supposed to be there, neither actors nor Japanese audience show any sign that they have seen them.

But it is in Japanese politics that visible/invisible scene-shifters really flourish, guiding Japan through the strange motions of constitutional democracy. They are called *kuromaku*, 'black curtains', another term derived from the classical theatre, and until Lockheed hit the fan by far the best known was Yoshio Kodama, gangster boss, unrepentant war criminal 'suspect', and Lockheed's long-time confidential sales agent.

At the moment, Kodama's considerably overdue return to prison has been delayed by a timely illness which seems to be defying the best efforts of Japanese doctors (or, according to another version, they are making sure he stays ill) and his place in the shadows is being occupied by the Vice-President of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party, Etsusaburo Shiina, a man scarcely known to the Japanese public, almost unknown to the outside world, and generally agreed to be the most powerful wire-puller in Japanese politics.

Some indication of the extent of his influence emerged two years ago, when

Shiina personally selected the present Prime Minister of Japan, Takeo Miki. This was thought, at the time, an odd choice; but, like the first of the Borgia Popes, it was generally assumed that the frail and in-offensive Miki was simply there to keep the seat warm until a better qualified candidate appeared. Only now, when Shiina is trying to get rid of him, and has in the process reopened a 40-year-old split in the ranks of Japanese big business, is it becoming clear how unusual a Japanese Prime Minister Miki has turned out to be.

To begin with, he did *not* take a bribe from Lockheed. When the big money was flying, in 1972, Miki controlled only a small faction of the Liberal Democratic Party politicians, mostly from his own politically unimportant island Shikoku; he was well off the fanatically right-wing LDP mainstream, having served as Postmaster-General in Japan's brief flirtation with a socialist government in 1947; and it must have seemed to Kodama that this mild-mannered man, with his owl spectacles, was too remote from power to be worth wasting a single peanut on.

The more one examines Miki's record, the odder he becomes. Alone among recent Japanese Prime Ministers, Miki has never been in prison, or even an associate of war criminals. All the recent prime ministers were enthusiastic supporters of Japan's alliance with Hitler, except Miki; indeed, he showed enormous moral courage in publicly opposing the war in 1941, was ostracised by the military clique, and only took a minor government job in 1944 when Japan's back was against the wall.

Lockheed has only confirmed some of the Right wing's worst suspicions about

Miki. When the scandal first broke, he seemed to be taking his time about organising a cover-up, despite the cooperation offered by the Americans, including the promise that no names would be revealed by the American side unless and until Japanese criminal proceedings were started. The Japanese were privately assured that, despite the well-known talkiness of Americans, the Securities and Exchange Commission could be relied on to keep its mouth shut. Miki responded with a public undertaking to get to the bottom of the scandal, assumed to be some harmless window-dressing for the approaching Japanese elections.

But, when Miki came back from the rich nations' summit in Puerto Rico, the first Lockheed arrests began. Heading the procession were Kodama's right-hand man and the two executives from Marubeni, Lockheed's official agents, who signed the 'peanuts' and 'pieces' receipts for more than £2m. Faced with prison, there was a distinct possibility that this trio might start naming the real recipients of the money.

It was more than Shiina could stand. Breaking cover at his country retreat on the slopes of Mount Fuji, Shiina called an unheard-of press conference to announce his decision that Miki must go forthwith. The Prime Minister, he said, was 'egotistical' and 'over-zealous' in his Lockheed investigations, had showed 'a lack of leadership and human feelings' about 'colleagues who may face prison or disgrace' and was 'quite unfit to lead Japanese conservatives to the next elections'.

Despite this praise, Miki should not be over-rated. He clearly has a lot of Japanese big business behind him still, or he would have been out of office months ago. In particular, Mitsui, who quietly gave up the Lockheed agency in 1958 rather than work with Kodama, are still backing him, and the chairmen of Honda, Sony and National Panasonic – all firms which flourished in the post-war consumer boom, with no links with the old heavy industry cartels – have announced that they have virtually unlimited financial backing ready for a right-wing reform movement.

By definition, Miki himself has handled very large political funds to stay even within striking distance of power in post-war Japan. His father-in-law was head of Showa Denko, a big Marubeni-linked metal concern. In office Miki has done all he could to placate his Right wing, including calling on the Americans to use nuclear weapons in Korea, praying ostentatiously at the Tokyo shrine for Japan's war dead and denying railwaymen the right to strike. Only on Lockheed does it look as if Miki means business, and since defying Shiina's order to quit, he has even been praised by the big newspapers as a Prime Minister with moral integrity, a thing unheard of in Japan for nearly 40 years. Still, says Shiina, he must go.

Who, then, to turn the spotlight into the shadows, is Shiina? Before Lockheed, the Japanese press and obsequious foreign writers used to call him an 'elder statesman'. Elder he certainly is. At 78, Shiina has not made a speech in the Japanese Diet (Parliament) for many years, and at the best of times he was no more articulate than any

other one-time bureaucrat from the old Imperial Finance Ministry. But Shiina is far from being inactive, preferring to do his politicking in the Japanese style in expensive Tokyo restaurants and geisha houses where, pushing 80, his mind is clearly on weightier matters than the 'special massage' offered in such places.

Shiina owes his power in modern Japan to connections made long ago in the administration of the Japanese puppet state of Manchukuo, set up by the Japanese army in the Chinese province of Manchuria in 1932. Manchukuo, as a dry run, both for the post-war Japanese economic miracle and the Americans' Vietnam, is going to figure extensively in the more thoughtful histories of the 20th century. Manchuria may be only a minor aspect in the basis of the current get-Miki campaign, but it could lead to a final settling of some old and bitter scores.

The head of the Kempei-Tai (Japanese Gestapo) and later army Chief-of-Staff in Manchukuo was General Hideki Tojo, who later brought us World War II in the Pacific. To win Chinese hearts and minds, Tojo wanted fast economic development in the puppet state, but where to find capital in 1932, especially for an empire-building exercise by the hated Japanese army? Tojo sent to Tokyo for civilian help, and his call was answered by a team of 161 bright young men from good universities and the economic ministries, headed by Nobusuke Kishi, much later Prime Minister of Japan. Kishi was already an enthusiastic convert to the state-capitalist ideas of Ikki Kita, the founder of Japanese fascism. He was appointed deputy head of the industrial department of the Government of Manchukuo (the official Minister was, like the head of state, the pathetic boy-emperor Henry Pu-Yi, a Chinese stooge) and working with him, as chief of the department of mines, was his crony Etsusaburo Shiina.

The Japanese army did not want the big combines, Mitsui and Mitsubishi, operating in their new state, with the accompanying danger of control from Tokyo. Instead, Kishi hit on the idea of inviting in a small firm hard-hit by the world depression to act as the army's business front – the CIA's enterprises, like Air America in Vietnam, will readily come to mind. He selected Nippon Sangyo Kebushiki Kaishe, popularly known as Nissan. Showered with Army contracts, Nissan were soon into armaments, steel, coal, aircraft and, as a small sideline, motor cars.

Pioneering such techniques as the body-count and the strategic hamlet, General Tojo got on with the pacification of Manchukuo, assisted, at a much lower level, by a young have-gun-will-travel type from the Tokyo underworld named Yoshio Kodama. Meanwhile, Kishi, Shiina and Nissan made a brilliant success of the Manchukuo economy, using state intervention, company unions and the other Japanese specialities about which so many admiring books have been written, when they later surfaced back home in Japan. Nissan eventually controlled three-quarters of Japan's external investments and Manchuria became one of the biggest heavy-industry complexes in the world.

But Japan had even bigger fish to fry. When Tojo's Manchurian military clique came to power in Tokyo, Kishi was recalled, soon to be followed by Shiina. Kishi became Japan's Armaments Minister and Shiina his vice-minister. The brains trust from Manchukuo were running a world war and for a while not doing badly at it either. But with the loss of Saipan, the defence ring around Japan was pierced and the war industries came within range of American bombers. Kishi saw the writing on the wall and engineered Tojo's downfall, much as, 30 years later, his colleague Shiina is trying to do to Miki.

Kishi was one of the first people arrested as a top war crimes 'suspect', and, with his heavy use of Chinese and Korean and Allied war prisoners as slave labour, there seemed to be plenty of evidence to hand. Shiina, not quite high enough up the ladder to be a Class A suspect, retired to an improbable corner of the wool business. In December 1948, Kishi, along with Kodama and other old Manchuria hands, was released by the Americans without a word of explanation. Waiting to meet him at the prison gates was his old crony, Shiina. That night, at a 'welcome out' party at a Tokyo restaurant, Kishi made a touching little speech. 'Strange, isn't it?' he said, 'we're all democrats now.' Nine years later he was the (violently pro-American) Prime Minister of Japan.

By 1960, Shiina too was back in big-time politics, as Minister for International Trade and Industry, the cabinet post which gives Japanese business a dominant voice in national affairs, just as the Army Ministry formerly gave the militarists a veto over the civilian leadership. In 1966, as Foreign Minister, he concluded the arrangements with South Korea which have culminated in the *de facto* economic recolonisation of that part of the country by Japan and opened up a rich source of cover funds for Japanese politicians.

Meanwhile, Nissan, too, saved something from the wreck of Manchukuo. Some of the loot from the lush years found its way

to Japan, and in the confused post-war period the operations of the better-known Mitsui and Mitsubishi were temporarily disorganised by over-zealous American trust-busters – a further element in the bitterness which is now coming to the surface. Nissan was reorganised back in Japan, and now includes, besides your favourite automobile manufacturer, big names like Fuji Bank, Showa Denko Chemicals and Canon Cameras. Seeking a new and innocuous group name, the Nissan old guard bought up a bankrupt Osaka textile company, with no Manchurian connections, named Marubeni.

The habit of treating Japan itself like a conquered province inhabited by sub-human beings dies hard. When the oil crisis hit Japan in 1973, Marubeni were caught trying to corner the rice market and force up the price of food, which even led to some mild tut-tutting by the Japanese newspapers which are normally solid supporters of the establishment – you aren't supposed to do that sort of thing to Japanese.

Marubeni have handled Lockheed in a rather old-fashioned way, as well. Because of the political connections of organised crime and the relative unimportance of shareholders in the Japanese *dirigiste* version of capitalism (no shareholders in Manchukuo!) all Japanese companies pay off gangsters not to disrupt their brief, rubber-stamp company meetings. Three weeks ago Marubeni went the whole Capone hog, hiring 30 gangsters (among them, no doubt, some spiritual son of Kodama) to 'keep order' at their annual meeting. An elderly lawyer who had the temerity to ask whether the firm was still run by the executives who signed the 'peanuts' and 'pieces' receipts was beaten up by these pests and rushed to hospital, after which the company meeting was hastily adjourned with no further awkward questions. More respectable Japanese capitalists, even those who have made not rocking the boat Japan's second religion (after GNP) are beginning to question in public whether these are the most effective methods to use in fending off the challenge of the Japanese Left.

The forces that Shiina represents should not, at the same time, be underestimated. The web linking bureaucrats and arms manufacturers in ties of personal obligation goes back a long way. From Kishi's highly publicised golf games with President Eisenhower to Emperor Hirohito's recent and more restrained handshake with Mickey Mouse at Disneyland, the rulers of post-war Japan have gone through every motion of fawning superficial Americanisation and have been rewarded with lavish American support, both open and covert.

Miki, on the other hand, seems to have a growing public opinion on his side, as ordinary Japanese grow increasingly tired of massive corruption at the top in a tight and tightening economic situation, and at least some of the big names in Japanese business are, for the first time, leaning this way as well. If the 'black curtain boys' manage to get rid of Miki before Lockheed puts them back behind bars, it will be interesting to see which figure they can dredge up out of Japan's brutal past to replace him.

Tokyo



Jeremy Bugler

The Hardness of Water

On the face of it, the Government's hurried Drought Bill will enable stinging fines to be inflicted on the people who have been squandering a huge gallonage of water to keep the going good at Ascot and Newmarket and to preserve green greens at golf courses, at least if they persist in their irrigation. Car-wash firms who lave automobiles with jet and spray, and companies who clean buildings by squirting water on their frontages, may also be in trouble. The bill, which is expected to be enacted before the end of this month, sets out £400 fines on summary conviction and unlimited fines on indictment. It is aimed especially at these kind of water-wasters, and since I suspect that most people would rate their activities low down in importance, the Drought Bill can be counted as sensible legislation.

It may turn out to be much more than that: the Bill gives water authorities the power to prohibit or limit the use of water by particular, named consumers. It's quite possible that some firms, especially in parts of East Anglia, South Wales and the West Country, could find themselves cut down or off, so that production is interfered with and perhaps short-time working inflicted. It's a sour prospect, but if it happens, the Drought Bill could prove to be a legislative recognition that even Britain, for most of this century an island often washed by wet westerly winds, has plumbed the bottom of the water-butt. Rain in quantity probably won't fall until October or November, and everyone will know the meaning of drought by then, if only by the prices of vegetables.

If the 1975-76 European drought, though, promotes the rational use and conservation of water, we will have been parched for a purpose. The official view, by the way, is that the drought is only a temporary difficulty: 'We are treating it as a simple phenomenon' says the National Water Council. While in one sense this torrid summer has been out of the ordinary, drought may become a British commonplace. A little over two years ago, Professor Hubert Lamb, head of the Climatic Research Unit at the University of East Anglia, gave a warning that Britain's future weather pattern might consist of long, dry periods, broken only by occasional violent storms.

The Met. Office, according to a report in *The Times*, had its reply: 'Our view is that there is really no evidence of long-term change. We can't go along with Professor Lamb that there are going to be extensive droughts.' The Met. Office has had a dislike of studying climatic change; to this day, they have only half a man working on it. The evidence two years later is that Professor Lamb needs more consideration and his unit more funds, of which it has been starved.

Meanwhile, it is not outlandish to suggest that Britain appears to be peopled with hydrodipsomaniacs. These are the unfortunates who feel about water the way alco-

holics feel about Scotch. The hydrodipsomaniac can't do anything much in the morning until he's had his shot of water. A rare condition medically, hydrodipsomania produces conditions similar to alcoholic drunkenness: giddiness and delusions, and after 30 pints or so, even a kind of hydro-hangover.

Britain's consumption of water has been rising fairly rapidly through this century. In the mid-1920s each person used on average about 20 gallons a day. Today he uses 37 gallons a day, perhaps a little more. Much of this use is for very good reason: women have been freed from the slavery of doing the washing by hand, but the automatic washing machine uses 20 gallons on a full load. The dishwasher uses more than the washing-up bowl; the fully-equipped middle-class home may use well over 50 gallons per head per day. Industry uses great quantities, depending on the process; to produce a ton of aluminium may require 300,000 gallons of water. If the paper for this issue of the NEW STATESMAN had been made in Britain, each copy would have required about 12 gallons.

Power stations are the thirstiest customers. One of the Central Electricity Generating Board's 2,000 megawatt power stations, on full load, sucks up *every hour*, for cooling purposes, enough water to fill the big pool at Crystal Palace 75 times over. The CEBG point out that they put the water straight back again, minus a little lost through evaporation. But so do we all. Much of the water that flows from the hills to the sea does so by a remarkable if unsavoury route: in and out of human beings and factories, trickling through kidneys and filter beds, down gulleys and gulleys. A glass of water you draw off the London tap may well have been bathwater in Oxford.

The set strategy of the nation's water-providers has always been simply to expand the resources: they have seen growth in water-use march beside economic growth and presumed a coupling. Reservoirs have been the usual method, but today reservoir sites are much harder to come by. They tend to fall in the upland areas of the National Parks or on farm-land; in either location, the reservoir-hunters find themselves opposed, with reason, by articulate middle-class groups with lawyers (the National Parks) or taciturn farmers with guns (in the Welsh valleys).

More recently, water resources have been supplemented by a number of hydrological tricks, such as pumping water out of the chalk aquifers around London into the Thames tributaries when they are in low-flow in the summer. In the winter, it is hoped, the rains come and fill up the aquifers again. Some people have reservations about the long-term effects of these practices; they rather prefer the idea of transferring water out of one river basin to another. The Anglian Water Authority, for

example, has been transferring water out of the Ely-Ouse into the headwaters of rivers in north Essex, from where it is piped to reservoirs farther south in the county. There are prospects ahead of really ambitious transfers coming off: out of the Severn basin into the Thames for example.

Two years ago, the whole of the water industry was re-organised, some 1,500 separate undertakings being merged, on the basis that big is beautiful, into the nine regional water authorities of England, plus the Welsh National Water Development authority. It was Peter Walker who planned this change, precisely with an eye to increasing efficiency, and to stopping the nonsense whereby a local council was content to let its antique sewage works discharge crude sewage into the river because the job of pollution control belonged to someone else. The local authorities fought the change bitterly, and without a doubt, most of the new water authorities are unpopular today. Too few of their members are appointed from the local authorities; too many are ministerial appointments. That said, Walker's reform was largely right, and very probably this year's drought would be much harder to bear if the old plethora of small water undertakings was still in the field.

New ways to augment water supplies are being developed by the water authorities. They pump water out of reservoirs into rivers, and use the rivers as natural pipelines, taking the water to the settlements down the basins. They are trying to improve the quality of river water; one of the absurdities of Britain is the manner in which it has large towns unable to take a drop of drinking water out of their rivers on whose banks they are sited. Towns along the Trent, one of Europe's filthy rivers, have to get their drinking water from Wales. Proper pollution-control of the major rivers is worth a score of reservoirs. It would also remove the need for 'a national water grid', a popular cry at the moment from people who fancy, perhaps, that it would be economic to take water from Scotland to England because, well, Scotland's up there and water flows downhill. In point of hydrological fact, a national water grid, in the view of the National Water Council, 'would be so expensive it would be simply - Goodnight!'

Sheer expense of water is not a matter that in the normal run of things, troubles the English mind; after all, a pint of this clear fluid costs about one-200th of a penny. Yet water prices have been climbing steadily, and in some cases, very rapidly indeed. The paper-makers of South Wales, for example, have had their water bill increased several times over in the last few years. Given our price economy, it is probably right that water does become an appreciable cost, rather than something we take for granted just because it wets us on the way to work. Only a few towns - like Malvern - actually meter their domestic supplies, but it may become a more general practice as water prices increase. We have certainly got to that point when it is hard to ask people to give up homes and land for new reservoirs because the climate is a-changing and water has a price that we are not used to paying. There are limits to growth, even in water.

The Busy Bee and the Well-Meaning Wasp



**A moral story
for Free Enterprise
week**

Once upon a time, there lived a Busy Bee, who worked all day to feed her family.

In the same meadow, there also lived a Well-Meaning Wasp, who was interested in the Brotherhood of Insects, the Redistribution of Honey, and other things of that kind.

He didn't, you understand, *produce* any honey himself – privately, he thought that honey was the root of all evil – but he was full of ideas about where it should go. (And not all of them were bad, at that.)

"Bee" said the Well-Meaning Wasp, one year, "what about handing over some of your surplus honey for the benefit of the less fortunate insects of the field?"

"Fair enough," said the Bee; and made a useful contribution. Next year, the Well-Meaning Wasp was back.

"Bee" he said, "administrative costs have risen something rotten, and the meadow economy is in a bad way – thanks entirely to the mismanagement of my predecessor, you know – so how about a few more combs this year?"

The Busy Bee thought about the honey her family would need for food that winter. Then she looked at the Wasp, who was stropping his sting on a handy pebble. "All right" she said, "I suppose we must all tighten our belts."

Next year, the Wasp (who looked a little fatter, somehow, these days) had a distinctly menacing glitter in his eye.

"Bee, Bee," he said, "me and the lads didn't think much of last year's honey. What's more, we've had to take on more staff to advise on sharing it out. You produce a double quantity this year – or we'll take over your hive for you."

"Well," said the Bee "you can't have the bees you need to produce honey, unless you've saved up some honey from the year before. And you did take rather a lot, last time."

"Honeyist nonsense," growled the Wasp, going Pink. "I'll have you know that as Insectretary Of State For Honey, I can take as much as I jolly well want. You double your production, or I'll start blaming you for everything that goes wrong in the meadow."

("So what else is new?" thought the Bee, sighing to herself.)

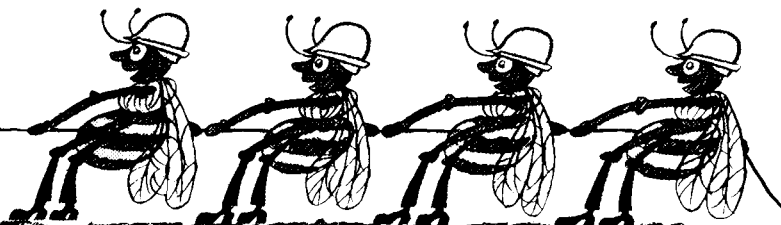
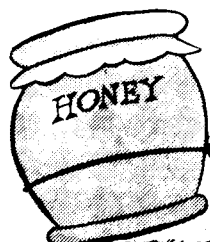
She returned home. There was nothing to eat. Her disillusioned family were out at the pictures (there was a bee-feature showing that week). And by the time the Wasp returned to collect, she had retired to a beesylum in a nervous and overtaxed condition.

AND THAT YEAR, *NOBODY* GOT ANY HONEY – NOT EVEN THE WELL-MEANING WASP.

MORAL: Any child knows enough not to kill geese that lay golden eggs, but some politicians still haven't caught on.



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Henry Pluckrose*

Reflections on Tyndale

'Between late 1973 and the autumn of 1975 William Tyndale Junior School in Islington was beset with troubles . . .' So begins Robin Auld's report of the public inquiry he conducted at the request of the Inner London Education Authority. The pages which follow trace the development of the conflict, a conflict which involved the teachers, the managers, the parents, the professional associations, members of the local Labour Party, the inspectorate and the administration of the Education Authority itself. It is, as Robin Auld observes, 'a sad story', a story of stubbornness, intransigence and ineptitude from which few of the chief personalities concerned emerge with credit.

Before attempting to assess the long-term impact of the inquiry, it is worth remembering that much of the coverage given by the popular press to the story as it broke suggested that progressive teaching methods were the root cause of the school's breakdown. If only traditional methods could be restored, it was argued, all would (eventually) be well. Had things been this simple, it would not have been necessary for Mr Auld's inquiry to spend so long taking evidence or for the report itself to extend over a quarter of a million words.

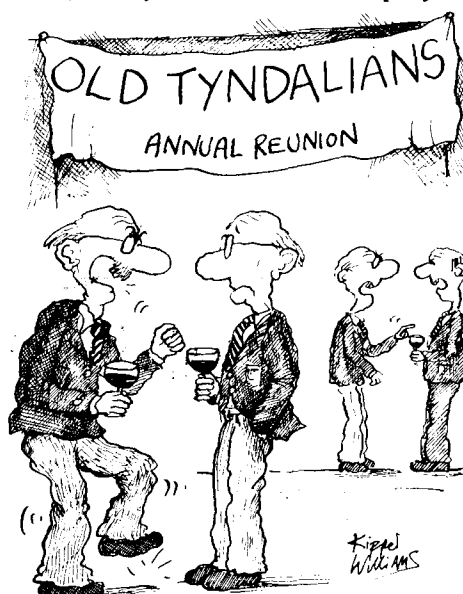
It's true, of course, that Terry Ellis (the headteacher) and Brian Haddow (his principal supporter) were attempting to alter the teaching style employed in the school. But this is hardly exceptional . . . teachers have been developing new techniques since the time of Plato. What makes Tyndale different is that communication between the teachers themselves, the managers and the Authority became so strained and the stances each group adopted under pressure so immovable that the realistic development of a new and acceptable curriculum became impossible.

This is not to suggest that the protagonists were unable to communicate. If anything they did this only too well. Mrs Dolly Walker, a member of staff, prepared and circulated a 'Black Paper' which, in effect, was a condemnation of her headteacher's educational philosophy; several of the school managers deliberately leaked information to the press; the inspectorate and the political and administrative arms of the Authority exchanged so many letters and proposals to all concerned that the teachers (who themselves were bombarding almost everybody involved with resolutions) found themselves with little time for improving the quality of such teaching as was undertaken. Indeed, I have the impression that had as much time been given to planning the educational content of the school programme as was given to the vague and somewhat doctrinaire statements of intent which occur throughout the report, the inquiry would never have been necessary in the first place.

It is simplistic to take the view that Terry Ellis and his colleagues were poor

teachers. It's more accurate (as well as more charitable) to observe that the commitment which they should have given to their teaching role was so diluted by doctrinal and political issues that they ended by being observers of children instead of initiators and leaders in an intelligent and rational programme of learning. Teachers who allow themselves to become puppets of any system (be the regime formal and authoritarian or free and unstructured) should never be surprised to find themselves - as did the Tyndale staff - impotent in times of crisis and conflict.

Now I would think it obvious that before any institution (be it a government department, a major international company or a



'Don't WANT to chat about old times . . . want to play ping-pong!'

playgroup) can change its direction or its policies, it needs to communicate with all the people involved and, in the process, to explain the reasons, directions and pace of the changes envisaged. For a school the size of Tyndale (with a roll of 217 in March 1974) this would involve making changes which were understandable and, one would hope, largely acceptable to some 450 adults (parents, managers, teachers and ancillary staff of the school) as well as to the children (who would be involved in implementing them). That unacceptable changes were made by the Tyndale staff is undeniable - the parents showed this by transferring their children to neighbouring schools whose approach to education was unequivocal and comprehensible.

This aspect of British education - the element of parental choice - became a key issue in the dispute and has implications for the future. If parents have choice, how is this choice to be made and how does it impinge upon and alter the aspirations and

*Henry Pluckrose is Headteacher of Prior Weston Primary School (ILEA).

ideals of the professional educationalist? If teachers cannot convince parents of the validity of the methods employed in a school, should their programme be amended to take cognisance of the fact?

The Tyndale report continually stresses that many of the problems which the teaching staff faced were brought upon themselves. They adopted a professional posture and allowed themselves to become enslaved by it. Would the parents, for example, ever have felt the need to pass a resolution requesting a meeting 'to discuss the standard of education in the Junior School and the staff's philosophy of education' if the teachers had shown that they understood and appreciated the implications of professionalism? Do we expect professionals to show 'total insensitivity to the genuine concern expressed by parents about the education of their children'?

But while the report queries the professional role of the teacher, it leaves unresolved a much more sententious question. If we decide no longer to allow teachers to plan and shape such things as curricula content and methodology, who should, in the last resort, be responsible for doing so? To suggest that the managers have ultimate control is unlikely to find support among many educationalists. A committee of local folk, many of them appointed for their political loyalty, can no more be trusted to make wise decisions about education than a graduate with a university diploma.

The Inner London Education Authority has attempted to resolve the dilemma by giving the school managers responsibility for 'the oversight of the curriculum' while leaving the headteacher with control of the 'conduct, curriculum, internal organisation, management and discipline of the school'. In the vast majority of cases this curious compromise works well. However, when situations like that at Tyndale develop the inherent weakness of this solution is patently obvious. In this particular case the ILEA found itself unable to meet its statutory obligation of providing education which was 'suitable and efficient' and had regard for 'the general principle that pupils are educated in accordance with the wishes of their parents'.

But surely, you might ask, there is a whole army of administrators and inspectors employed by every education authority to give advice and support to a school and to take full responsibility should an absolute breakdown in the life of a school appear imminent. Indeed this is so. But the role of the inspector is to advise, not to determine the curricula and life style of the schools within his area. Perhaps the inspectors directly involved with Tyndale could have done more to see that action was taken earlier (as Mr Auld suggests), but if my experience of teachers is anything to go by the professional judgment of 'the men on the spot' would have carried more weight than the expertise of the 'man from the office' (who had 60 other schools to look after as well).

And so I am left asking whether we should, therefore, expect the ultimate control of a school to be invested in the politicians who on education committees up and down the land determine the general pattern of life within the schools that they

administer. But is the professional politician any better a judge of parental hopes, fears and aspirations than the inspectors and teachers whom the authority itself employs?

I do not regard the Tyndale inquiry as providing significant support for a particular approach to education. Rather I see it as an example of what can happen to any institution when communication between its members has become impossible and when nobody within the institution is

prepared to take responsibility for failure and make a considered and real effort to put things right.

Throughout Robin Auld's report one phrase continually recurs – that this faction or that 'had little thought for the children involved'. It is sad indeed when we need a judicial inquiry, the expenditure of many thousands of pounds of public money and a quarter of a million words in order to remind us that education happens to be about children.

John Thorn*

Winchester's M3 Battle

Sir, it is now the view of many of my clients that the real issue before us is no longer that of a road . . . They now see these proceedings as no less than an attack upon the rights and freedoms of citizens under the law, and they believe that the issue can best be expressed in the form of this question: Which is to prevail in this room today – the rule of law and parliamentary democracy – or centralised bureaucratic power, responsible to no-one?

The words are those of John Tyme, lecturer at Sheffield Polytechnic. He wasn't allowed to utter them, for he had already been ejected (as I was later to be) from the inquiry hall in Winchester for standing up when he'd been told to sit down, for speaking when he'd been told to be silent. His words were read by a member of Compton Parish Council instead and were received with acclamation.

There hadn't been much acclamation at the M3 inquiry. There was shouting in plenty, and singing – yet more new words to the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, Blake's *Jerusalem*, and *Land of Hope and Glory*. At one point, while the Inspector was out of the hall in consultation with someone about something, there was a poetry recital.

Respectable citizens of Winchester couldn't quite believe it was all happening, and still can't. King Alfred on a horse parading about outside the Guildhall was all right – that goes with morris dancers and handbell ringers and a Southern Cathedrals' Festival. But the television crews, the floodlights, the insults and the fury – that was something new.

It remains to be seen how significant it all was. Would reasoned arguments by counsel, heard in respectful silence, have persuaded the Inspector, Major-General Raymond Edge, to expand the terms of the inquiry as dramatically as he did? According to the Whitehall department which mounted it, it was supposed to be about the M3's side-roads, compulsory purchase orders, and no more. But by the second day the Major-General had ruled that it could discuss the need for any motorway by Winchester at all. And by the fourth day he had decided that Whitehall, even against its will, must seriously consider the objectors' alternative plan – an improvement in the existing by-pass – and come back in the autumn with relative costings.

The noisy citizens of Winchester like to think they made the Inspector do this by ceasing to behave like the ladies and gentlemen of a cathedral city and by behaving instead in such an excitingly noisy way that the media moved in and, for a hot summer day or two, told the nation what was going on. They may still lose of course, or find that their Blücher is not middle-class noise but Denis Healey's shears. But the country is now interested, and before it notably wasn't.

And they have a point. For the grandly named Department of the Environment has funny secretive ways over trunk roads. First, it seems to the public, it decides that a six-lane highway must be built from London to Southampton. So it draws a line on a small scale map and publishes it. Then the AA starts drawing broken lines on its small-scale maps. People get used to the idea that a road is projected, but whether it is a bright idea or a determined carefully planned policy no one at this stage knows. The press talks about it a bit and it then passes out of the national mind.

But then, after a few years of surveying which few people notice, a series of inquiries is held. Each deals with a bit of the road, the suggested route now being drawn on large scale maps. Objections are heard – from people living by the line, from local authorities, from amenity associations. An inspector's report is sent to the Department and the Department decides what to do. It does not have to accede to the Inspector's recommendations, which anyway apply only to the bit of road his inquiry was about. At no time does the Department have to demonstrate, to the local inquiries, Parliament or the public that the road is necessary at all. Local discussion is about whether it should go through A or through B. An inquiry ended, the bit through A can be built.

So it came about that at the end of the 1960s Winchester found itself 12 miles or so from a dangling piece of motorway which had been built to a place south of Basingstoke called Popham and about three miles north of a fine piece of dual carriageway road – not a motorway – which had earlier

been built up from Southampton. It didn't take the Department of the Environment long to produce a large scale map which showed the obvious thing to do was to join these points up and the obvious way to do so was to build a great highway just to the east of Winchester. There was an inquiry about this in 1971. It was an inquiry at which people with land on the route were allowed to say why their land should not be taken or spoiled. They said why, in a fumbling amateurish way – for they were naïve about these things then. The Inspector heard them courteously, copied their remarks into his report, and said that in his view the Department's road line was the least objectionable. After a year or two, the Secretary of State, Tony Crosland, said that the road should be built.

There were still a few formalities to be gone through. There had to be another local inquiry. Motorways need access points, for example; and some of these must be large, elaborate, and unsightly. Land for the thing must be compulsorily purchased; and this requires an Order; and the landowners are allowed one last, probably futile, objection to that before the piledrivers and bulldozers move in. For the Winchester bit of road, this second inquiry was scheduled for last month, in the Winchester Guildhall.

But since the first inquiry in 1971 things had been happening. First, a disparate collection of private and corporate objectors had formed an M3 Joint Action Group. They took advice, both legal and technical. And they paid for it. Second, external circumstances had changed. There had been a fuel crisis and in consequence some revised figures for traffic flows. The South Hampshire Plan had been scaled down. Portsmouth had begun to take some of Southampton's cross-channel traffic. Environmentalists had become more clamant, and people were listening to them more. And, lastly, the whole procedure by which road plans were made and inquiries were held was being reviewed. 1976 was not 1971; and the citizens of Winchester did not fail to notice.

Winchester today is a beautiful city. It has its architectural horrors, of course, but it has preserved almost intact on its South side a superb layout of medieval buildings, watermeadows and unspoilt chalk downs. If you walk North, East or West from the Cathedral Close you must pass extensive housing estates before you reach open country. But if you walk South, you merely have to pass the buildings of the College – not all of them, it must be admitted, of exceptional architectural merit – before you are in the water meadows of the Itchen, set against the green background of St Catherine's Hill. True, Winchester College is an 'elitist', 'privileged' institution; and readers of the NEW STATESMAN may well feel that it ought not to exist. But its grounds are open to the public, and for both Winchester citizens and visitors they are a welcome pleasure ground. True, there is between the water meadows and St Catherine's Hill, the Winchester bypass built in the 1930s; but that we've learned to live with, and it can be crossed. In spite of this bypass, this South East sector of Winchester's environs is a unique piece of Western Europe's architectural heritage.

*John Thorn is Headmaster of Winchester College.

It is across these water meadows, between the medieval buildings and St Catherine's Hill, alongside the four-lane bypass, that the Department of the Environment have said they wish to build their road. The result would be ten lanes of highway plus two hard shoulders, with complex unsightly intersections a little to the North and South.

The protesters of Winchester think this must be wrong. They believe it with such passion that they have in recent weeks behaved startlingly. They have been led to question the whole process by which such acts of vandalism can be perpetrated. They have been led to the point where they will applaud a man who says their struggle is no longer about a road, but about the principle of parliamentary democracy itself.

Of course, it isn't as simple as that. Protest is heady stuff. It's easy to believe in the sacred justice of your cause when you are surrounded by 'respectable' friends shouting away as hard as you are. There were plenty of Winchester citizens not in the Guildhall. The Winchester Chamber of Commerce says it wants the road. Both Hampshire County Council and Winchester City Council have declared in favour of it. Alternatives are not easy to find – the Action Group's pet

scheme to improve the existing by-pass may still turn out to be impracticable. It is largely a middle-class movement, as protest movements often are.

And yet. Can Britain *really* afford to see this splendid piece of urban and rural scenery destroyed for ever without first making absolutely certain that the long term needs of the country require it? Perhaps they do require it. But the matter has never been argued out. By and large, Secretaries of State for the Environment do what their civil servants tell them – they seldom stay long enough to do anything else. The Commons has not had a full-scale debate on transport policy since 1967. A few adjournment motions on Fridays do not make up for this. One must doubt if the cabinet ever talks about it for long. Into this vacuum come the civil servants of the Department, all the law and its procedures firmly on their side.

But at Winchester they've met opposition. It is articulate. It is subtle. It is determined. It is supplied with funds. It may still lose. But it has already, I think, shown the public that, as the now notorious Mr Tyme has not been allowed personally to say: 'The real issue is no longer that of a road.'

Margarita Jimenez

Pamplona Politicised

Tourists who had come from all over the world to the famous bull festivals of San Fermin, vividly described by Hemingway in *The Sun Also Rises*, hardly expected to find themselves confronted by armed police dressed in riot gear wielding heavy truncheons. But ten days ago they had little choice except to abandon their drinks and flee into the cafés which line the main square of the Basque city of Pamplona. They were quickly followed by hundreds of demonstrators making up the tail end of a massive march on its way to the civil governor's offices. Other tourists barricaded themselves behind overturned tables while bottles and glasses crashed to the floor. A few diehards held on to their drinks watching the police turn their attention to groups of returning demonstrators fleeing the blows of the police a few yards away from the civil governor's offices.

On Sunday 11 July from 2 to 4 p.m. the city was alive with police hitting and chasing a peaceful demonstration called by opposition groups demanding a total amnesty and protesting against the death of a mother of three, killed by two plainclothes policemen two days before in Santurce, a town near Bilbao. She was the ninth person to be shot by police during a demonstration in the last seven months. As usual the police claim they acted in self-defence. The streets of Pamplona looked like an inverted image of the *encierros* – the highlight of the fiestas. Every morning fierce bulls are unleashed down narrow barricaded streets leading to the bull ring while they chase local lads in Pamploninas (white trousers, and shirt, red

beret, scarf and fringed bandanna) along with a few tourist *aficionados*. This time it was the police who played at bulls.

From 7-14 July in San Fermin the collective unconscious is officially allowed to explode. Factories close. A few shops remain open in the morning. No one sleeps. People wander around with a glazed alcoholic expression on their faces. The fiestas are seven days of round-the-clock drinking and dancing in a Bacchanalian *macho* whirl. The chorus and life force are the *penas* – young fraternities in charge of the bands who play Pamplona songs and *jotas* (jigs) to the sound of drums, trumpets and the *chistu*, a Basque recorder instrument. They turn the corridas into a popular fiesta, dancing and singing throughout, jumping into the ring, throwing champagne at each other and any object they can lay their hands on.

For the first time San Fermin was politicised. Women, with the initials of the Woman's Movement on their shirts, ran in the *encierro*. A man jumped into the ring,

'amnesty' on his shirt, 'liberty' on a bull fighter's cape, while filmed by television crews. Pamphlets announcing Sunday's march littered the streets. A fund-raising stand for sacked Navarese workers was set up in a local park. When the news of the shooting near Bilbao broke, a minute's silence was held in the bull ring and a lavatory roll with the word 'amnesty' written on it was handed round the ring. That night three *penas* refused to join the others in dancing round the streets. Later on groups roamed the streets setting Spanish flags alight. On Sunday night the *penas* produced a Basque separatist flag during the fight.

The demonstration in Pamplona was just one of many which swept Spain's major cities throughout the 11 July weekend: 30,000 in Valencia, 40,000 in Seville, 20,000 in Las Palmas . . . Barcelona, Madrid . . . These demonstrations were the culmination of a week of amnesty organised by all the opposition groups. The return of political exiles and the release of all political prisoners is the minimal precondition for a democracy. Wherever demonstrations were banned they ended in violence and arrests. Wherever authorised they were peaceful and orderly. The demonstrations took place after a week of political events which left the country disillusioned and the King discredited in the eyes of the Spanish people. When the 43-year-old unknown Adolfo Suarez – a man of the Movimiento, the only recognised political party in the last 37 years, created by Franco to bring together the factions who fought for him in the Civil War – was appointed Prime Minister, all the reformist ministers walked out. It took Suarez several days to find men who would join his cabinet. There's not a single Liberal in it.

Meanwhile the contradictions continue: demonstrations are authorised in one place, banned in another. Yet another shooting in the Basque country where the repression is strongest and where the bulk of political prisoners come from. The new Government is desperate to gain some popularity and will probably announce very shortly an amnesty of sorts. But it will never grant a full-scale one. Although Basque slogans and flags dominated the demonstration the slogan 'Down with the Assassin Monarchy' expressed the new political mood of the country. In Seville, for example, the main slogan was 'Spain will be a Republic'. One of the many political graffiti painted on the walls of Pamplona was an apt expression of this new mood: 'The Monarchy's answer to Amnesty is death'.

Every event becomes politicised in Spain. As an opposition leader said: 'We had the demonstration because this is Amnesty week but we knew it was a moment when thousands of tourists would be in town.' As my landlady said: 'We thought that this year San Fermin would be a democratic fiesta. Look what's happened. We get a man like Suarez from the Movimiento. Then we get another shooting in the Basque country. We've had enough.' Hence the Pamplona youth caught up in a feverish dance, filled with regional pride, and the bull ring, hitherto a sacred apolitical art, transformed for a moment into something else.

Pamplona

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NEW STATESMAN

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London Diary

□ A columnist called T. Dan Smith in the Layhill Open Prison newspaper predicts that he will soon be passing on his job to Richard Ingrams, at present the editor of *Private Eye*. I have recently been a 'fringe character, if a colourful one' (*Sunday Times*) in the legal battle between the *Eye* and Sir James Goldsmith. It was not and is not my intention to influence the course of justice in Goldsmith's proceedings against *Private Eye*. Having said which, I respectfully ask Sir James in public to desist from abusing me in private to newspaper editors and executives. I do not object if Goldsmith says in public that he detests people like me who write for *Private Eye*. I do object when he makes private allegations that may be inaccurate and to which I cannot reply. Of course one could say I asked for it. A wise editor, who had listened to Goldsmith's bleating against me remarked afterwards: 'If you get caught up in a quarrel between Jimmy Goldsmith and Richard Ingrams, you can expect to get hit by broken glass.'

□ The *Daily Mail* is essential reading because it employs my friend and fellow *Eye* 'fringe character' Nigel Dempster, the best radical journalist in the country. But I abhor the *Mail's* shrill campaign against coloured immigrants, particularly since this very newspaper itself brought into Britain more than 100 immigrants who not only had no permission to stay here but had not wanted to come. I refer of course to the Vietnamese 'orphans' snatched by plane from Saigon in April last year, an operation which I described in the NS at the time as 'the most disgusting sham I have witnessed in nine years in Vietnam'. What I have heard since confirms me in that opinion. For one thing I now learn that the *Daily Mail* did not make clear to the charities concerned in the airlift that the children were to be taken away for good and adopted in England. A representative of the Mayday charity told me: 'We thought these were sick children who were going to be taken away so they could get proper medical treatment during the fighting. It was not till we were actually en route that we learned that the children were going to be taken away for good.'

□ The *Daily Mail* publicity stunt was especially cruel because it exploits a widespread anxiety in this country about adopting children of other races. To put the matter crudely, parents will wait years and pay thousands of pounds to a charity in order to get a pretty Vietnamese baby but Negro or mulatto children may have to be put into care because nobody will adopt them. This is all the odder because, so it seems to me, adult West Indians or people of West Indian origin mix more easily in this country than do people of Asian origin. I have great sympathy with those people who have adopted one of the *Daily Mail's* Vietnamese babies; I am sure that they will offer the children much love. Nevertheless I am obliged to say that I think those chil-

dren would have grown up to be happier people in Vietnam.

□ The murder of Christopher Ewart-Biggs, the British Ambassador to Dublin, must not be taken as an encouragement to those cowardly politicians in London who want to withdraw the troops from Northern Ireland. Although fairly left-wing, Ewart-Biggs was adamant against appeasing the IRA and indeed had privately criticised Merlyn Rees for even negotiating with terrorists. 'We should never, ever talk with the IRA' he told my wife, who was a friend of his, a few weeks ago.

□ This Tuesday, I read in the newspaper, was 'one of the most exciting days in the whole story of mankind', because a spacecraft landed on Mars. To most people these ventures in space are almost as boring as the Olympic Games. When the first man set foot on the moon seven years ago all the newspapers were full of it – but most people in England as in America were much more interested in Teddy Kennedy's misadventures at Chappaquiddick.

□ Talking of scientific discoveries, it is fascinating to see how Marxism, based on scientific materialism, has turned from materialistic science. Soviet science is largely concerned these days with astral bodies, things from outer space, fork-bending, spontaneous combustion and other magic. I am all for this. Whether these theories are true or not, they are much more fun than the dreary old physics and chemistry I had to learn at school. Come to that, they are much more fun than reading Marx and Lenin on dialectical materialism.

□ I have acquired a new hero in Herbert Morrison, the former Labour deputy leader and head of the old London County Council, on learning that he once said that 'the only thing for which I would preserve capital punishment would be jobbery, bribery and corruption in the public services, or robbery from public funds'. Were his principles to be applied in Britain today, the result in the Labour Party, local government and the civil service would be equivalent to the number of deaths in Stalin's massacre of the kulaks. The loathsome Greater London Council would have appalled poor Morrison who made London the most efficient and honest city anywhere in the world. But even now London is well governed compared to other regions of Britain. Jobbery and corruption in South Wales have become so flagrant that in the recent local elections the Labour Party was hurled out of office in most towns. One South Wales Labour MP says in confidence that Michael Foot could lose Ebbw Vale, the archetypal safe Labour seat. In a huge English city, which I shall not mention for legal reasons, the prostitutes in the brothel run by a local Labour bigwig and property man have been instructed not to charge Labour councillors for services rendered.

□ In North East England, where jobbery and corruption were still more flagrant, the sole Labour MP who stood out for honesty was chucked out of the party and now has lost his seat. He is Edward Milne who has just

published a fine, pugnacious self-defence called *No Shining Armour* (John Calder £4.95), a book that true socialists will require as an antidote to the emetic memoirs of former Jacks-in-office like Harold Wilson or former Jills-in-office like Marcia Williams. It so happens that Milne was hounded out of the party largely because he would not join in denouncing an article that I wrote in the NS during the Chester-le-Street by-election, attacking T. Dan Smith's chum, the local Labour Party big-wig, Alderman Andrew Cunningham, who has just been released from jail on parole. At least six Labour MPs – including Bob Mellish, Shirley Williams, Roy Hattersley and Michael Foot – wrote in complaint to the NS, which was described by the dreadful Edward Short (also a T. Dan Smith chum) as 'a squalid Liberal rag'. When Milne was asked if the article should have been published at that time (i.e. during a by-election campaign), he answered: 'The NEW STATESMAN has a responsibility to its readers and to the Labour movement.' Yes. And if Milne needs extra canvassers or addressers of envelopes to ensure that he wins back Blyth at the next election he can rely on me.

□ The report on the William Tyndale School in London confirms all one's fears that the British education system is turning out morons. The personnel manager of a certain newspaper was recently trying to hire a tea-boy, the class of person from whose ranks the greatest journalists used to be recruited. He interviewed several scores of young men, having decided that he would hire the first who could spell the word Britain. Not one could do so. A friend of mine who is an examiner for the Inner London Education Authority recently had to correct essays by dozens of school leavers on 'what I want to be'. This examiner, although a believer in comprehensive education, was much depressed by the low level of writing and intelligence displayed. In particular he was depressed by the fact that the children who wanted to be a 'brane sergen' or research worker on Britain's 'new-clear detergent' had not the necessary education to get the job. Only one boy seemed destined to make out in his chosen career. 'I want' he wrote 'to be a journalist so I can drink a lot'.

Richard West

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

□ A Knightsbridge doctor and a police inspector both failed to see five bullet holes in the head of Egyptian butler Ibrahim el Shubini, 51, whom they found dead in his Chelsea flat, a London murder trial was told yesterday. Both thought he had died from natural causes. – *Financial Times* (M. G. Plummer)

□ Fylde's baths manager Mr Noel O'Shea plans to solve the disappearing swimsuit problem by asking for a shoe or a piece of under-clothing from those who can't afford the £1 deposit. – *Lancashire Evening Post* (N. K. Harrison)

James Brockway

Undervalued

So the experts, the pundits have decided the pound sterling is undervalued. I wonder how many years it takes for the experts to discover what the man in the street found out long ago.

Yesterday I came home with a cauliflower. A Dutch cauliflower. 'The 98 or the 1.98?' the woman at the cheap greengrocer's had asked me. I chose the 98. We – ex-architect and translator – like to think of ourselves as intellectuals, and in Holland, where the proletarian revolution has all but been (bloodlessly) completed, we, like the pound sterling, now belong to the undervalued goods of this earth.

To make matters worse for us, we are – again in common with the pound sterling – floating freelances, that is to say, unorganised. And to be anywhere at all in post-revolutionary Holland, one must be organised. Organised into something or other, usually an economic pressure group. To remain free is to invite social and economic maltreatment.

So for us the cheap greengrocer, the cheap cauliflower. Besides, the 1.98 variety *looks* too good for us. More a work of art than a consumer good – which is not surprising in a country which long ago gave up producing Rembrandts and started producing cauliflowers instead.

Laid on the working-top and stripped of its green, the 98, however, proves to represent a single portion only. Let's see now: 98 Dutch cents. At the rate for the pound offered me the other day by the bank around the corner, that works out at about 20 pence per one-man portion of cauliflower, uncooked. (In a restaurant, 80 pence per portion, in an inveterately vegetable-producing country.)

Of course, at the newspaper kiosk, I was only able to scan the headlines of the *Sunday Times*. I gave up buying *that* (had to) when the price here rose to 3.65 florins – then the equivalent of 56 pence a copy. Now, I see, the price has gone down. Only 3 florins now. Yes, but alas, the pound has gone down too. So today in Holland, the *Sunday Times* costs the equivalent of 66 pence a copy. Common Market economics! I'm not paying that. In fact, for some time now, owing to the price mess in this peculiarly un-Common Market, I have had to rely on clippings sent through the post, with a time-lag of weeks, for keeping behind with the British papers.

Dutch journalists, in print and on the air, have for a long time been making much, with much barely disguised *schadenfreude*, of the point that wages and salaries are ludicrously low in Britain, the sick man of Europe. Yes, if translated into Dutch florins at the ludicrously undervalued pound, they are indeed. *That* we knew years ago, too, before the experts began to ponder the situation. In terms of the Dutch florin a British weekly wage of £100 is practically

penury – less than an Amsterdam typist can get – though she, of course, has to pay 20 pence per one-girl portion of cauliflower, uncooked, and from the cheap shop too.

My 'house-companion', as they so non-committally put it in Dutch, though sprightlier in mind and body than any member of the present Dutch cabinet, draws an old age pension. In terms of the undervalued pound sterling, he is at present receiving the equivalent of £39 a week (plus some other small, professional pension). For this, incidentally – it is beside the point in this present argument – he had to pay only one year's contribution, having been 64 when the Dutch OAP scheme was inaugurated. This in no way affected his entitlement – no

Roger Woddiss

Cathay Pictorial

A Chinese delegation arrived here this week to sign a deal for British films.

In China, where the Chairman rules
And comrades read the *People's Daily*,
They down their agricultural tools
And turn aside from Arthur Waley;
Spurning the running-dog Tom Mix,
They seem to go for British flicks.

According to the Marxist view,
The West should soon begin to totter;
Meanwhile, the patient peasants queue
To see *The Tales of Beatrix Potter*,
Preferring this to tales of blood
Or *Secrets of a Super-Stud*.

The films that we with glee behold
Are not the ones for which they clamour,
And horror simply leaves them cold:
The sickle, yes, but not the Hammer.
On every wall the posters say,
'*Swallows and Amazons, OK?*'

Their taste in movie-fare so far
Is more surprising than the panda;
The Dove is just their cup of cha
And though it's bourgeois propaganda,
Still further from the party line
A lamb called Lady Caroline.

A wholesome movie that absorbs
Is all their culture will allow them;
Bring on the works of Bryan Forbes!
(*The Slipper and the Rose* should wow them).
In all that land of junks and jade
There is no plastic-mac brigade.

No vampires need apply, it seems,
No murders wrapped around with mystery,
But worthy films with classic themes
That deal with safely-buried history.
In China, when the light has gone,
They do not care to Carry On.

fiddling, niggling calculation of yearly average contributions here. (Though beside the point, this detail does indicate how far we still remain apart from one another in Europe and how long it takes for the Brussels bureaucrats to get anything practical accomplished.) More to the point is that, generous though the Dutch OAP may seem, at present Dutch prices that £39 a week has a purchasing power equivalent to only £20 – which is what the pension would be in terms of sterling, were the pound not so absurdly undervalued.

Take a rather more hair-raising example. Dispossessed, disregarded and undervalued as we are in modern post-revolutionary Dutch society, we have recently managed to save up enough to have the house painted. Outside only, of course. The cost: 9,000 florins or, in terms of the undervalued pound, £1,900. Terraced town house, so four storeys, front and back only. It took the father-and-son house painters' combine six man-weeks' work to complete. This, in terms of sterling, means that each for his work received approximately £316 a week. What price a £100 face-worker in a British coalmine?

Last March I read that the price for one-day's nursing, third class, in a new hospital outside Amsterdam had risen, in terms of the pound, to £63 a day. The Dutch, who continue to live under the illusion that, besides being the most progressive nation on earth, they are also the most democratic, stick with admirable tenacity to first-class, second-class and third-class nursing.

Naturally, I am only third-class, and for this privilege I am obliged to contribute the equivalent of £5.65 a week health insurance, which does not, of course, entitle me to any sick pay. This £5.65 a week is in addition to the £585 a year statutory State Insurance contribution I have to pay, which guarantees me an old age pension only – and not even that, if I leave the Netherlands before I reach 65.

Should I return to the UK, the very stiff retirement pension contribution I have paid for years in the Netherlands would entitle me only to the very meagre old age pension doled out in Britain. So, even as a third-class member of modern Dutch society, I have to find approximately the equivalent of £878 a year, merely to receive third-class medical care, when ill, and an old age pension, when past it. For this tidy sum does not entitle me to any unemployment or disablement pay or to any other help enjoyed by the privileged employed section of the population, either. Were the pound not so risibly undervalued, this sum of £878 per annum would, however, be nearer £430 per annum.

Yes, we, inexpert as we are, have been aware for some years of what the pundits have now discovered about the pound. We have felt it, as the Dutch also say, 'on our bodies' – by which they mean 'in the purses'. For example, at the present rate of exchange, an article for a London newspaper on a complicated Dutch political situation, brings me in about 95 florins. A lighter, easier tossed-off article in Dutch for a paper in Holland with far less than half the London paper's circulation figure, brings in 225 florins.

The longer we're in the Common Market, the further things fall apart. How long the centre will hold I have at the moment no time to calculate. I must cook that cauli-

flower. (No cook, of course; and although cauliflower and bangers make a Dutch dish, no bangers either. In terms of sterling, they now cost 16 pence per piece.)

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Some Fine Day

The startling and alarming times in which we live do at least achieve something valuable physically: they enure us to shocks. Those with heart conditions now palpitate a good bit less. Though even during the worst of the war, there were, if memory serves, only four daily news broadcasts of importance, nowadays the BBC, a haughty law unto itself, takes it upon itself to hammer out the current disastrous tidings every hour on the hour. The result? Total apathy. Nothing excites, nothing interests us any longer, not even if delightful Angela Rippon, her eyes glittering like nuggets of anthracite, were to inform us that the Titanic had floated to the surface and that all on board were alive and kicking.

But there was recently just one rather unusual news item which was of particular fascination to lovers of both opera and games. This was that Madam Butterfly's devoted hand-maid, Suzuki (also known, in the flowery Japanese way, as Miss Gentle-Breeze-of-Morning), had apparently changed her sex and was playing in the recent British Open Golf Tournament at Royal Birkdale and doing, what is more, extremely well. And there he was, N. Suzuki, equal 10th in the final result and scooping up £1,975, changeable into yen at what I suspect to be a very advantageous rate. The competitors stayed, I assume, in plushy conditions in nearby Southport, but doubtless loyalty to his mistress Cho-Cho-San, drove Mr Gentle-Breeze out onto the waterfront just in case B. F. Pinkerton's boat should be putting in, the burly American lieutenant ready at last to do his duty as both widower and father to his son (the little chap must now be nearing the age of 72).

Let us hope that operatic characters do not in future merely confine themselves to golf. With Montreal boring on, what about Brünnhilde for the Decathlon, the all-purpose, multi-itemed athletic competition? I have never yet seen a Brünnhilde who didn't look as though she were capable of putting the shot clean out of the ground. Accustomed to leaping from rock to rock, and singing loudly at the same time, the hurdles would seem to her as unexacting as a Sunday afternoon stroll in the Schwarzwald. What a pity that the Decathlon contains no equestrian event, for here she would really come into her own, particularly in stormy conditions, and put even Princess Anne completely in the shade.

But credit where credit is due and though the BBC's tactless news badgering is repre-

hensible, their coverage of all outdoor activities is masterly. At football one is right in the goal-mouth with Arsenal, and thoroughly in the way too, I dare say. At rugby, one touches down at breakneck speed with Gareth Edwards. When Spitz streaks up the swimming-pool, one is there, splosh splosh, breathlessly beside him. At the Grand National, one falls at Becher's Brook with the best of them. I used to think that the commentators' ability to gabble out, and without the slightest hesitation, the names of the performers was a brilliant achievement, and when it comes to Peter O'Sullivan and those race horses, a minor miracle.

And then a rather vain thought struck me. To you and me, each horse, as with Chinamen, looks pretty much the same, but to a specialist like Mr O'Sullivan they are totally different, entirely individual and fully recognisable a mile off on a hazy day. But we are all, more or less, specialists in something. Pigeon-racers doubtless know each bird by sight. The only section of either animals or humanity that I, too, would be an expert at would be musical comedy or revue actresses of the Twenties and Thirties. Suppose the Derby had been run, not with horses but with these splendid ladies, I too would have been able to dazzle everybody

with my expertise. With the paddock parade safely over, we move, in mounting excitement, to the starting tape. 'They're off, and Phyllis Monkman takes an early lead, with Evelyn Laye going well on the outside. Bunched in the centre are Binnie Hale, Edith Day and José Collins, with the back marker at the moment Cicely Courtneidge. On the rails, Jessie Matthews is improving and close in behind her I can see Dorothy Dickson, and there, making ground steadily is the favourite, Gertrude Lawrence.' You see, there's really nothing to it.

It is perhaps at Wimbledon that commentators are to be heard at their best with their informative asides, lowered voices, brief and hushed remarks, and sharp intakes of breath as poor Virginia Wade, looking every year more crucified and miserable, lets us down yet again. But the trouble, paradoxically, now at Wimbledon is that the female players play too well. Apart from the engaging little Evonne Cawley, Goolagong that was and the only person to look as if she might actually be enjoying a nice sunny summer afternoon's game of tennis, all is concentration, fire and frenzy. To win, no matter how unattractively, is all. Furious faces glare at each other across the net as the machine-like banging goes on. British players may not win very often but we can be proud, over the years, of having produced two of the game's greatest charmers, Betty Nuthall and Christine Truman, sturdy, wholesome, jolly, smiling girls who played brilliantly and apparently for the fun of the thing and never seemed much to care whether they won or lost. A game is a game is a game.

But is it? The commentators, interviewing some of the winning women players after their exertions, dealt tactfully with the cross and determined little faces as they, like Olivier, demanded more and charm flew out of the window. Did they deserve more? They seemed to think so. What had they to offer? They hinted, modestly enough, that they played very well. Yes indeed, and that, as I say, is part of the trouble. They are all of a piece. Grace and individuality went out with Maria Bueno. Even in looks it is not always easy now to distinguish one from the other. Like Chinamen.

It was not always so. Not even on a dark night could you have muddled up beefy Mrs Lambert Chambers, seven times champion, with the legendary Mlle Suzanne Lenglen, who looked like, and floated about like, a ballet dancer and could teach every modern player a thing or two about drama, glamour, excitement, tantrums and, into the bargain, the game itself. Appearing on court in a chinchilla coat if the sun was in, playing in daring calf-length skirts and plunging neck-lines ('Very French', ladies sniffed), sustained by sugar-lumps soaked in brandy and glasses of champagne while her formidable frog parents screamed abuse and insults ('Imbécile') at her from the sidelines, sometimes winning 40 games in a row, sometimes collapsing in a heap ('Je n'en peux plus!'), you never knew what would happen next. Now, although not then a professional, there was somebody who really gave value for money.



Letters to the Editor

Entebbe and After

Sir, D. B. Johnson (NS 16 July) takes his name-sake to task for welcoming the brilliant Israeli rescue operation at Entebbe. According to him, Paul Johnson (NS 9 July) is like Judge Jeffreys because he applauds the rescue of over 100 innocent hostages, who but for Israel's action would quite possibly have shared the fate of Mrs Dora Bloch at the hands of the terrorists ably assisted by Amin's hirelings.

A few Ugandans were regretfully killed at Entebbe but by the same token 'innocent' German soldiers were killed in World War II because to obey Hitler was 'vital for survival, let alone the comforts of civilisation'. The final verdict on obeying illegal orders was given at Nuremberg.

H. PINNER

95 Millway
London NW7

Sir, Paul Johnson wrote two weeks ago that the dictators of Algeria, Libya and Uganda train assassination squads to murder presidents and prime ministers. After World War II the following heads of government were murdered: Allende, Bandanaraike, Cabral (a would-be president), Diem (together with his brother), Faisal of Iraq, Faisal of Saudi Arabia, Kassem, Kennedy (his brother was killed later), Lumumba, Menderes, Imre Nagy, Nuri, Rafael, Trujillo. Which one was murdered by those dictators' assassination squads? And the plots to kill Castro? Were they behind those?

ROBERT MAJOR

Vienna

Sir, Mr D. B. Johnson last week urged that Israel should make some concessions in order to avoid further hijackings and perhaps tragedy, but since the very existence of Israel is the root of the problem as far as the militant Palestinians are concerned, what concessions does Mr Johnson suggest Israel should make to bring her peace? Surrender to Arafat and his Palestinian army when they have ended their war with their Arab brothers?

Is it not more appropriate to urge Israel's enemies to make the concession of recognising the legitimacy of Israel - or at least concede *de facto* recognition?

MAURICE EBERLE

23a Hampton Road
Twickenham

Sir, So much nonsense is currently being published and broadcast on the subject of Africa, that it is a pity to see a journal of your standing fall into the same trap, and especially distressful to see it happen under the name of Paul Johnson.

His values are clearly muddled; why else should he refer to 'the more primitive African states' and also call the Kenyatta Government 'one of the last civilised regimes left in Africa'? Not only does this betray woeful western chauvinism, but also apparent ignorance of the facts (otherwise what does he call the governments of Kaunda and Khama, to mention but two with which I myself am acquainted - and there are others, particularly in West Africa).

In any case, western values associated with the word 'civilisation' are largely irrelevant in Africa, since they take no cognisance of Africa's rich history and traditional patterns of leadership. If these were properly recognised, westerners might be less liable to dismiss Amin as a figure of somewhat grotesque fun. Yes, he rules through hate and fear, but there is nothing absurd or even ephemeral in that,

certainly not in Africa, and other African leaders are clearly well aware of this. Amin was, after all, elected president of the OAU. He is an alarmingly shrewd man who knows the effect of unpredictability on the African mind, and quite possibly his only weakness is that he is playing to a wholly African gallery and stalls closed to the effects of western diplomacy. Yet western diplomacy has scarcely shown itself effective in Africa, and he may be right to ignore it.

Perhaps the British, in handing over Uganda, did 'approve' of Amin's rise to power. It has yet to be demonstrated that they could have stopped him, or that anyone can. Uganda is one of the richer African countries, and Amin one of Africa's most charismatic men - a compelling combination in Africa. We would do well to remember this.

PETA JONES

18 Richmond Road
Oxford

Sir, Tom Driberg's remark (London Diary, 9 July), on President Ford being concerned with votes in expressing elation over Israel's successful raid on Entebbe was snide and nasty. And I note that he considers that the raid might have been justified 'if it resulted in a net saving of lives'.

Once upon a time the voice of socialism was compassion and humanity. Now, if Tom Driberg's comments are anything to go by, it is the voice of meanness of mind and cynical contempt of human endeavour (that is when it is western inspired). How low has sunk the voice of compassion when it can only grudgingly concede the superhuman heroism and humanity behind Israel's determination to save its citizens at Entebbe. In the meantime one must be extremely grateful to Paul Johnson for presenting to us another more inspiring facet of socialist concern by his wonderful remarks on what the Israelis did.

PAUL LAX

20 Park Hill Road
Bromley, Kent

Sir, Paul Johnson often goes too far, but this time he honestly has become hysterical. I cannot defend Libya or Uganda, even if I wished to, because, unlike Mr Johnson, I do not like to speak unless I am sure of my facts; but what he says about Algeria is absurd.

The Government of Algeria is not a 'regime of terror'. If it were, I personally would not have lived and worked here for seven years. It is not a 'military dictatorship'. The President is a former colonel, but so are many other presidents. The Algerian army is a strong force and plays a key role in the country, but this is because there is a serious lack of trained managers. The mainly civilian ministers govern a socialist country which is slowly and courageously feeling its way towards real democracy. President Boumedienne is not 'on the borderline of sanity'. He is an astute, serious, extremely hard-working man dedicated to the welfare and development of his country.

It is true that Algeria has given sanctuary to Palestinian terrorists: this is because, rightly or wrongly, it supports the claim that the Palestinians have been unjustly dispossessed of their country. By the same token it supports the claims to self-determination of the former Spanish Sahara which was shamelessly taken over by Morocco and Mauretania without even a bleat from western liberals. Before the Portuguese revolution Algeria gave refuge to anti-Caetano Portuguese, and has also granted asylum to Brazilian political refugees,

causes which one should have thought dear to the heart of NEW STATESMAN readers.

The final absurdity is to assert that Algeria is bent on helping Russia to destroy the world order. Algeria is one of the leading non-aligned countries, and the Communist Party is banned here. Politics are never simple, and one would think that a reputable historian such as Mr Johnson should know this; but whenever the question of Israel and the Arabs crops up he loses his reason and talks gibberish.

GORDON BENTLEY

Ouled Hamida 49/20
Bou-Saada
Algeria

Caveat Emptor

Sir, If they begin with unfavourable reflections by Americans about their co-nationals, and include disingenuous disclaimers about this being the 'wrong year for British people to strike superior attitudes about the United States' (why this year, when it's been open season on us since at least 1941?), the writers of editorials like 'Caveat Emptor' (NS 16 July) clearly feel free to lay about them with every patronising and ill-understood cliché that has ever come up about American politics.

I am one of those so-called life-long Northern liberal Democrats who will vote for Governor Carter on 2 November, and I do not as yet know if we shall by then have become 'enthusiasts', 'unabashed' or otherwise; but, conspicuous consumers though we may be, it is open to question if we have really been sold a peanut-flavoured patent cure-all. Carter's credentials are rather better than that, even from his pre-gubernatorial days. (Admiral Rickover was no mean judge of men!) And as to his having been wrong on major issues in the past, this might be said of most American presidents - of both parties. (When Joseph McCarthy was censured by the Senate, John Kennedy was - perhaps fortunately for his future career - absent owing to illness, and Robert Kennedy's earlier associations with the Wisconsin Republican had not only to be disavowed but lived down. And was it not - even if by a kind of inadvertence - the Kennedy Administration that set the scene for the Vietnam débâcle?) It must also strike some of us as curious to learn that, 'dead hand' or not, Dean Rusk, Theodore Sorensen, and Zbigniew Brzezinski actually had something to do with policy-making, as it must puzzle us to read of the 'strained Ford-Reagan Republican coalition'. Has there been something we missed?

Finally - and Mencken knew this too - the 'boobus Americanus' has, besides what has been described as tolerance (or gullibility), an innate scepticism which prevents it from too long eating out of anyone's hand. Especially after Vietnam and Watergate, no one need fear its being 'on its guard'. Entertaining reasonable doubts is one thing. Archly praising with faint damns, only tenuously founded on facts, is another.

SUSAN H. LLEWELLYN

41 Terenure Road West
Dublin 6

Dear Dr Coggan

Sir, James Fenton's letter to Dr Coggan (NS 16 July) was not, regrettably, one of his better efforts. If one requires Biblical authority for a policy of toleration towards immigrants, the Book of Ruth is not only a pretty story but a tract on precisely that subject.

There are, however, disadvantages: it advocates miscegenation, which is unlikely to commend it to leaders of the immigrant community, and its philosophical assumptions favour filial piety, self-help, upward social mobility, and

conventional marriage, which have little appeal to members of the coming society, at any rate when practised by other people.

But you can't please all the people all the time, and doubtless both groups can take comfort from the fact that the Book of Ruth is not true, although Dr Coggan may find that reflection less than satisfying. But then, he is under no compulsion to reply to Mr Fenton or (*verb. sap.*) make any further pronouncements on the subject of race relations, immigration or related topics.

C. N. GILMAN

39 Beechcroft Road
Oxford

Sir, It was good to see James Fenton last week taking Dr Coggan to task for his remarks on immigration, remarks singularly devoid of Christian spirit.

Dr Coggan should go away and reflect on the parable of the last judgment where the accusation was 'I was a stranger and ye took me not in', the defence 'Lord, when saw we thee a stranger and did not minister unto thee?' and the reply 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me.'

ALEC STRACHAN

3 Westfield Drive
Loughborough

Sir, I may not be the Archbishop of Canterbury, but I think I can show James Fenton an answer to his question in the last NS. Leviticus, XIX vv. 33 & 34, *New English Bible* translation: 'When an alien settles with you in your land you shall not oppress him. He shall be treated as a native born among you, and you shall love him as a man like yourself.' This to the Jews 3,000 or more years ago. Of course, it is also recognised in the Bible that to 'love him as yourself' is beyond our human power. But to paraphrase Saint Paul: 'In Christ there is no such thing as Jew or Greek, slave or freeman, man or woman, but all one.' Or black and white, might have been added, if Paul was writing now.

So it seems that not Mr Fenton alone, but the racials he so rightly opposes, those whom they oppress, and the Archbishop, (and the rest of us too) are given the opportunity of losing our hates and prejudices in Jesus. Will Mr Fenton accept?

KENNETH BROWN

2 Roundhill Crescent
Brighton

Thunder From the Right

Sir, Stuart Holland complains in his article (NS 16 July) against the spending cuts about the failure of the Labour Government to implement its election manifesto and '... mobilise our resources in a new process of democratic planning on the lines of Labour's Programmes 1973 and 1976'.

If this so-called 'democratic planning' were to be implemented the result would be a complete disaster for the British people. It would destroy foreign confidence in the pound, it would involve the even heavier taxation of all sections of the community and would not benefit the working class one iota.

The only way to achieve economic stability, higher standards of living for all and preserve individual liberty is drastically to reduce government expenditure, especially housing and social security spending and subsidies to private and public enterprise. Within three to five years the Government must achieve an equal balance between expenditure and revenue, taking into account the following:

(1) The income tax investment income surcharge and all progressive income tax rates must be eliminated, and

(2) Capital transfer tax, capital gains tax, corporation tax and development land tax must be abolished, and

(3) any idea of a wealth tax must be killed.

At the same time, the Government must free the private sector from suffocating bureaucracy and allow Free Enterprise to work. If these proposals were implemented, in whole or in part, I feel sure that Britain's future as a free, prosperous and democratic nation would be ensured.

CHRISTOPHER C. BUXTON

2 Redhills
Eccleshall, Stafford

Left Hand, Right Hand

Sir, I hope there are several hotels in Luanda because the mercenary trial was being covered by journalists who must loathe each other. I choose for example Anthony Mockler, Tony Mockler, and Anthony Price/Anthony Mockler. (There is a fourth Mockler - one more than there were Oswalds in Dallas - who writes about Luanda in yet another vein in the *Guardian*, but I will content myself with the two who write for the NEW STATESMAN and the *International Herald Tribune's* man.)

Three weeks ago the NS had A.M.-I concluding: 'Biafra destroyed the myth of the invincibility of the white mercenary in Black Africa - but in Biafra there was still a hint of glamour about the whole affair. Angola has revealed the mercenary temptation for what it really is - shabby, suicidal and above all ineffective.'

Then, Tony Mockler summed up in the 3 July *IHT*: 'Angola stands discredited and 'mercenaryism' - unless President Neto rises high above the political pressure on him - will have its myths and its martyrs.'

This week's NS attracted my attention with a piece from Luanda identified in the contents as by Anthony Price. A third view? Never mind that inside the author's name is Anthony Mockler. A.M.-I proposes that the mercenaries in Angola were really waging 'licit war' and should be treated as prisoners of war. That would, Anthony Price - oops, A.M.-II - insists, do away with 'the general outright sweeping outlawry of "mercenaryism" that is so satisfying to the prejudices and has just proved so disastrous to international relations.'

This is all grand stuff and reinforces the bedrock belief in the Free World that only when we have a multiplicity of views can we truly make up our own minds.

JONATHAN MIRSKY

21 Priory Grove
London SW8

Forcible Feeding

Sir, Crucifer (London Diary, 25 June) repeats the common mistake that Mr Jenkins 'has scrapped the abominable business of forcible feeding' in prisons. In fact, all that Mr Jenkins's statement of July 1974 does is to emphasise that the forcible feeding of prisoners is not a requirement of prison practice, and need be resorted to only where the prisoner's capacity for rational judgment is impaired. But since the basis of forcible feeding has never been thought to be a requirement of prison practice, the decision remains, where it has always lain, with the medical officer involved, who may force feed or not without reference to the Home Secretary, which has always been the case.

Whether or not a prisoner is forcibly fed thus depends on the views of the particular medical officer caring for the prisoner, and while there has certainly been a decline in the readiness to force feed, it is incorrect to conclude that it has been abolished. At least two prisoners have been forcibly fed since the 1974

announcement, and in neither case was it suggested that the prisoner's mental condition justified it. Questioned in the Commons about one of these cases on 27 November, 1975, Mr Jenkins admitted that, while there was nothing in the rules or in the expectations of the Home Office that medical officers would feed prisoners artificially, the Home Secretary could not interpose himself between the clinical judgment of the doctor and his patient. The new practice is simply a recognition that a large number of prison medical officers find forcible feeding repugnant, a feeling endorsed by the personal opinion of the Home Secretary. But if it were truly to be abolished, legislation would be required, which Mr Jenkins will not introduce.

You refer to the possible remedy of the 'Cat and Mouse Act', now re-enacted as section 28 of the Prison Act 1952 (and not rule 6 of the Prison Rules 1964, to which you refer, which is for different purposes) and suggest that such temporary release is the method by which Mr Jenkins intends to deal with hunger-striking prisoners of all kinds. But where is the evidence for this? It was not Mr Jenkins who acted in the case of Robert Relf, and there is no recent example of a hunger-striking prisoner being temporarily released in this way. Nor is this surprising, for there can be few better encouragements to prisoners to resort to hunger-strikes than the prospect of a spell at home. What is acceptable in the case of a civil prisoner like Mr Relf may be quite unsuitable for prisoners convicted of criminal offences, and Mr Jenkins knows this only too well.

GRAHAM ZELICK

Queen Mary College
London E1

Mediate Animation

Sir, Clare E. Hornsby must be remarkably thick if she really supposes that the mediate/immediate animation issue has nothing to do with abortion (Letters 16 July). If the mediate animation theory is accepted (as it still may be by Roman Catholic theologians) and 'the occupant of the womb' is inanimate, abortion in the month before animation is obviously not the crime of infanticide alleged by the anti-abortion lobby.

BRADWELL
(Tom Driberg)

House of Lords

Good Husband and Father

Sir, Though the view that Czar Nicholas II was hopeless as a person is mentioned by Neal Ascherson in the NEW STATESMAN of 16 July, it must be remembered that he was admirable in his love of his wife and his children. He was a kindly and gentle human being.

JAMES HOWELL

14 Admiral Street
Burnley

Pat on the Back

Sir, Amidst such grievous national woes as Concorde, Rolls-Royce, Northern Ireland, the crumbling pound and the rising price of tea, it is reassuring to hear that 'British-bred dogs have contributed far more to the export drive than many people realise' and that they are among 'the finest in the world' (Letters 9 July). Here in the pastoral Antipodes (where most dogs are ugly, poorly-treated and very efficient) we tend to get a very bleak picture of Britain via the media, and it's refreshing to see, that in some things, she is still a world leader.

R. B. BACKHOUSE

Waimauku
New Zealand

BOOKS & ARTS

Valentine Cunningham

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay

The Distant Drum: Reflections on the Spanish Civil War edited by PHILIP TOYNBEE Sidgwick & Jackson £5.50

Forty years ago this week the Spanish powder keg went up and, as Auden put it in his poem 'Spain', 'on that arid square, that fragment nipped off from hot Africa . . . the menacing shapes of our fever' became 'precise and alive'. The menace of History's obligatory revisionism (time *there* for nothing but 'a hundred visions and revisions') now looms up as the possibility that the Republic's resistance to a brutal counter-revolution was just a waste of time.

Events and disclosures have often given me cause to wonder if our struggle had been any less futile than that of Flanders, if we had only given Hitler a little more time to practise, if we had only been struggling to replace one tyranny by another.

Thus John Bassett, a volunteer soldier of the International Brigades and one of the self-flagellating penitents of the sometime Left assembled by Philip Toynbee, the former juvenile communist and now saved and sanctified anarchist, to reflect on the Spanish Civil War in the mixed company of historians, impenitent reactionaries and old Stalinists like Claud Cockburn who now knows mockingly better, but has never actually been on too amicable terms with the mourners' bench. And it's a troubling thing indeed to have to grant anything at all to the old rightist gang of Franco lovers, to Evelyn Waugh ('If I were a Spaniard I should be fighting for General Franco'), or the jeeringly thuggish Roy Campbell (who countenanced the murder of 'cowardly Lorca' as a 'normal reaction' to 'known pervers and sexual cranks'), or Count Geoffrey Potocki de Montalk, the lunatic claimant to the Polish throne and editor of the *Right Review*, who felt pleased in September 1937 that 'the Japanese and Spanish Wars against international Yiddish money tyranny are getting on very nicely, thank you'.

But it is 40 years on and some at least of the collected reflecters are striving for the collectedly unpartisan view. Their editor sets an Olympian example with his windily aloof thoughts – though if Spain was merely a matter of Classical versus Romantic, or the Enlightenment versus believers in Original Sin, then the hotheadedness of his younger self is worth only the puzzled tut-tuttings he now grants them. The 'Chronology' that Basil Collier contributes doles out fairly the blames historians are currently settling for. It notes 'some evidence of intimidation of voters' and allegations of fraud in the elections that brought the Popular Front to power. After the generals' rising, 'summary execution of prisoners soon becomes com-

mon practice on both sides'. Guernica was bombed, 'according to *prima facie* evidence', but Luftwaffe officers later expressed 'complete surprise' (they, of course – though Basil Collier doesn't note it – would in any case). As one might expect, the coolest and least arguable of the analyses is Hugh Thomas's: Franco won because his soldiering effort wasn't fractured like his opponents' by political disunities; the Communist Party's antics were magnetically anti-revolutionary to the bourgeois who joined it in droves; the two sides enjoyed uncanny similarities – each troubled by extremists, each shifting away from the ideologies that originally guaranteed much of their support, each fronted by similar realists, Franco and Azaña.

As for mirror-images (though Thomas is careful to modify the notion) the evidence of Peter Kemp, a young Cambridge Tory who fought for Christ and monarchs in the Carlist ranks, sounds oddly like the other side's more familiar accounts of barely trained youths sacrificing themselves in a heroic cause, learning to load their rifles only on the way up to the front, foolishly exposing themselves over parapets, refusing to dig trenches: crazy machismo (in the Carlist case) under a scarlet beret. But the aggregate witness of Toynbee's testifiers won't, fortunately, allow the beguiling and too-easy questing for likenesses (a sophisticated liberal version of wishing plague on both their houses) to persist for long. John Bassett crossed the Ebro with the Internationals to endure 'three weeks of the most unpleasant time of my life', surviving on sardines and stale bread, picked off by Savoias and Junkers, strafed by Messerschmitt 109s, scrabbling for safety in hastily shovelled holes, his Company's Tokarov and Dimitrov machine-guns constantly jamming with sand. Steadily pounding the bridgehead was the gun crew of Alfred Lent, a Condor Legion volunteer (so much, by the way, for Peter Kemp's disclaimers about no German 'fighting troops'). They kept on firing every day until their guns overheated and the crews dropped with fatigue, securely carapaced by Heinkel 111s and Capronis and Stukas, only rarely gnat-bitten by the odd daytime bomber or night-time nuisance plane. No mirror-opposition there: 'For the

Among this week's contributors:

VALENTINE CUNNINGHAM's anthology of poetry of the Spanish Civil War will be appearing from Penguin next year.

ALAN BROWNJOHN's pamphlet on Philip Larkin in the British Council series *Writers and their Work* was published earlier this year.

RUSSELL DAVIES criticises films and football for the *Observer*.

first time in history we are witnessing the miracle of how long the Reds can withstand a barrage' (Lent went on to serve on the Eastern Front). No likeness either in Kemp's Father Vicente exhorting those in his spiritual care to cut down fleeing Republicans, and leading the assault on the Bilbao heights sporting 'his scarlet and purple beret and mounted on a white horse'.

In the face of such things neutrality is difficult. Then it was impossible, as Derrick Ferguson's grim description of the British Navy exercising its neutral, non-intervening role in the Med makes clear. Inverted commas hand the nasties to you as in anti-septic gloves ('Reds', 'loyal generals'). And a bossily contemptuous visit to what's presented as a scruffy Spanish cruiser manned by uncouth incompetents who had recently shot their officers is capped by a drooling call on the *Graf Spee* in Tangier ('unexpected favour', 'most impressive tour', 'this magnificent ship'): the contrast is exemplary in ways the writer probably didn't intend. Other reactionary sympathies come clearer still. Brian Crozier, the biographer of Franco, believes Franco's victory helped defeat Hitler by keeping him out of Gibraltar. Like Peter Kemp he makes the International Brigaders a bunch of bogeymen, led by 'highly-trained communists'. Highly trained in what, though? There'd never been any guerrilla fighting around King Street, and the Europeans' adeptness at shooting comrades in the back of the neck never helped win wars.

Over-simplifications also reigned, naturally, on the Left, though the years have granted most of Toynbee's once-lefties some access to subtlety. Unlike on the Right, only dead leftists (like K. P. Bond, the Bromley farm-worker and communist, whose letter from Barcelona is quoted here) stayed unschooled and simple. Wisdom acquired, J. R. Jump and John Bassett are enabled to reveal how decent men can commit themselves to an unthinkingly totalitarian inhumanity: 'I had never seen men so utterly dispirited, yet I had put a bullet in the breech and cocked the pin of my rifle, and was ready to kill him.'

Moments of vision, like that, are what this collection most helpfully provides: in its photographs (some unusual ones here, particularly of the Nationalist forces), in vignettes like the returning Brigaders, sugar-starved, gorging on French chocolates dipped in condensed milk, in the wonderful rumours (at mongering which Claud Cockburn is still so adept) like the one about Lister's and Campesino's inability to read maps, and in the revelatory footnotes to literary history.

Readers of *Goodbye to Berlin* will be intrigued to learn from Alfred Lent that 'Rügen Island' was the German code-name for Spain: one wonders how many of the blond boys Isherwood admired in that Baltic resort joined the 'blond Moors', as they were known, in the other 'Rügen Island'. More than intriguingly, T. A. R. Hyndman crops up as a rescued wino who now works with alcoholics in Cardiff. The author of a single poem in Spender's *Poems for Spain* anthology, he is, of course (though he's too coy to confess it here), 'Jimmy Younger' of Spender's autobiography *World Within World*, the ex-guardsman boyfriend, who

went to Spain out of lover's pique, deserted the Brigades, and owed his skin to Spender's fame and influence:

In Harry Pollitt's opinion, I was told later, I was an ordinary, decent, working-class chap who had got into the hands of the kind of intellectuals the party could do without.

The sort of intellectual the Party did with is tellingly given us by Toynbee's 'Journal of a Naïve Revolutionary', the diary he kept while a communist student delegate to Spain over Christmas 1936. Toynbee declares himself typical of a generation of public-school, Oxbridge intellectuals, the limp backbone of the Thirties' literary myth. And how unpleasant he now appears – an unpleasantness not muffled by his own amusing deflation of 'the student delegate' – with his well-drilled sneers at Trotskyites and his gullible swallowing of every Party line and sinker.

He'd evidently also hung on to the snobberies of his class (Anarchists are 'lumpen as lumpen could be') and retained privilege: as the paid-for traveller, observing the University City fighting, glass in hand, borrowing a rifle to take a slummer's pot-shot at a Moor, before swanning off to shake the Prime Minister's hand. The farm-boy died on the Ebro and the guardsman is in Dyfrig House for drunks: most of their Oxford chums and literary comrades fell, as ever, more comfortably on their feet.

Paul Johnson

Swan Song

The Winding Stair: Francis Bacon, His Rise and Fall by DAPHNE DU MAURIER *Gollancz* £6.50

Since James Spedding, the friend of Tennyson, published his magnificent multi-volume work, *The Life and Letters of Francis Bacon* (1857-74), there has been no single comprehensive study of the man who has a claim to be considered the cleverest Englishman who ever lived. Spedding covered the ground exhaustively; and then, the task is so daunting, since it must embrace the politics of Elizabeth and James I, each very different from the other, relations with Scotland, France, Spain, the Empire; the complexities of the law during one of its great formative periods; and a polymath acquaintance with late-Renaissance scholarship in all its multifarious aspects; one must be a Latinist, a scientist, a connoisseur of English prose during its most lustrous epoch, and not least a profound student of human nature, for Bacon is an enormously difficult man to unravel. Miss du Maurier rushes in where others have feared to tread. Recently she published a study of Francis's elder brother, Anthony, which contained some startling original research and much misunderstanding of the period. She now takes up the tale at Anthony's death in 1601, in the aftermath of the Essex fiasco, and covers the remaining 25 years of Francis's life. She makes fewer mistakes than in her earlier

THE BANKERS

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W.H. ALLEN

A Howard & Wyndham Company

on) but also 'a real contribution (about the first real one) towards developing a huge subject, which has lain dumb too long' – the state of the poor of industrial England. The present taste for seeking social history in fiction has helped to make *Mary Barton* popular again after a period of neglect; Mrs Gérin's new life should increase our respect for its author, so often praised for her cheerfulness and calm.

She had seen dark things about her; she had also suffered some herself. The pattern of loss in her life was set very early. Her mother died while she was still an infant, and the remarriage of her father to a disliked stepmother effectively orphaned her, although her upbringing by cousins was affectionate. Her only brother was lost at sea when she was 18 and the death of her father followed swiftly. For three years she was moved from one household to another, from London to Newcastle to Edinburgh to Manchester. There, aged 21, she married William Gaskell, like her father a Unitarian minister. He was learned; he shared with his wife a concern for the poor; he encouraged her talent after a while; but he lacked her sense of humour and a good deal else besides.

She bore him six children and lost two, without any of that equanimity historians are ready to attribute to mothers of earlier centuries. Mrs Gérin, who neither labours her points nor fails to give the telling detail, prints the poem Mrs Gaskell wrote to the first, stillborn daughter some three years after her birth, and quotes from that most moving of her letters in which she mourns the death of her only son – again several years after the event: 'That wound will never heal on earth, although hardly anyone knows how it has changed me.' Living so many years in other people's houses, the young Elizabeth Stevenson had learnt to charm; she had also learnt reticence.

Mrs Gérin sees motherhood as Mrs Gaskell's 'most rewarding joy' and it seems true that, unmothered herself, she cherished her four surviving daughters devotedly (and sometimes anxiously), and in due course developed a quasi-maternal attitude towards her husband too, sometimes prodding and manipulating him for his own good. One might add that her tone in many of the novels is motherly in a way that Jane Austen's or George Eliot's is markedly not; and that this weakens her as a writer. Mary, Sylvia and Ruth are lesser figures than Elizabeth, Emma or Gwendolen precisely because of some element of clucking and muffling:

Ruth was innocent and snow-pure . . . She was too young when her mother died to have received any cautions or words of advice respecting the subject of a woman's life . . .

How much sharper is George Eliot's insight into Hetty Sorrel's vulnerability and its effect, in the famous passage in which she describes her beauty as like that of a kitten –

a beauty with which you can never be angry, but that you feel ready to crush for inability to comprehend the state of mind into which it throws you.

But if the contemplation of daughters and

the subject of a woman's life produced a slight blurring of vision in Mrs Gaskell, she cannot be accused of softness in general. Not many of Dickens's contributors to *Household Words* were so obstreperous – 'If I were Mr G. Oh Heaven how I would beat her!' he exclaimed – and not many laboured harder. It seems likely that she literally worked herself to her sudden and early death, putting on stupendous sprints in finishing chapters when she was so tired she could scarcely keep from crying. Her earnings had become necessary to her, not only to allow her to travel with the girls and give them other treats and advantages, but also to enable her to plot (as surely no other Victorian wife with her ostensibly submissive views did) to buy William a house to retire to, without consulting him at all. Significantly, the house was in Hampshire, hundreds of miles from where he had always lived; and significantly, he never set foot in it but lived out his widowerhood in 'Manchester.

Mrs Gaskell did enjoy one period of intense happiness. In 1857 she visited Rome with two of her daughters and there met the 30-year-old Charles Eliot Norton, an American writer with whom she formed an immediate bond of friendship. Recalling that time, she wrote to a common friend:

I shall never be so happy again. I don't think I was ever so happy before. My eyes fill with tears when I think of those days, and it is the same with all of us. They were the tip-top point of our lives. The girls may see happier ones – I never shall.

She and Norton corresponded for the remaining years of her life; *Sylvia's Lovers* (a novel about an unhappy marriage) was dedicated to Mr Gaskell in England but in the American edition to 'all my Northern Friends . . . and in an especial manner to my dear Friend Charles Eliot Norton And to his Wife Who though personally unknown to me is yet dear to me for his sake'. In all their correspondence they address one another as 'My dear Mr Norton' and 'My dear Mrs Gaskell' until Norton writes to announce his engagement, when he suddenly addresses Mrs Gaskell as 'My dearest . . .' and she replies in kind, saying

I am so particularly glad to think of your being married: almost as if you were my own son; for I have often thought that of all the men I ever knew you were . . . the one best to appreciate woman . . .

Mrs Gaskell suppressed the evidence of Charlotte Brontë's love for Monsieur Heger in her otherwise outspoken biography; and she it was who hoped against hope that Marian Evans would not turn out to be the author of *Scenes from Clerical Life*, because she was not married to Mr Lewes. The innocence of Mrs Gaskell's own life shines out of this biography as from her novels, in which she sometimes outlines the effects of 'sin' with little investigation or understanding of its causes. She looked very bravely and straight at the England she saw, but she was not going to open Bluebeard's cupboard.

Mrs Gérin, who makes it clear that Charles Norton was the best man in Mrs Gaskell's life, devotes an expiatory chapter to Mr Gaskell towards the end of her excellent book, but even her best efforts can-

not convince us that he was exactly the right husband. Still, he did a good thing: he launched her gently, as Lewes launched Marian Evans, and then he left her largely alone.

Julian Barnes

Politely Yours

Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Jane Morris:
Their Correspondence edited by John Bryson and Janet Camp Troxell Oxford
£7.50

As a pair of lovers, D. G. Rossetti and Jane Morris are never quite convincing; even, at times, faintly ridiculous. There is the initial over-courtliness of Rossetti (according to his account in *A Cup of Cold Water*) altruistically persuading her to marry Morris and forgo his love. There is the awkwardness of their social appearances together: Edmund Gosse once spotted them at Ford Madox Brown's house, Janey queening it on a model's throne and Gabriel squatting uneasily at her feet, 'too stout for elegance'. Most of all, there is a difficulty in thrilling to a relationship in which not just one partner but both are continually collapsing into an ill health which is lovingly inquired after and meticulously retailed.

VORKUTA

In 1947 Edward Buca, an 18-year-old Pole, was sent to the Vorkuta complex of Soviet labour camps, 90 miles inside the Arctic Circle, to serve 20 years' hard labour. In 1953 Buca instigated a general strike to improve the prisoners' conditions. 5,000 refused to work for one week. 400 were gunned down. 'Vorkuta', Buca's shocking first-hand account of the strike and the events which led up to it was published by Constable at £5.95 (illustrated) on Monday.

Their letters, here punctiliously edited, are full of vital gaps: Rossetti's are missing from March 1870 to November 1877 (covering the Kelmscott years, his attempted suicide, and the estrangement from Morris); while Janey's start only at 1878. Those which remain throw no new light on the relationship at its height, let alone suggest whether or not it was ever consummated; in tone they are devoted, affectionate, occasionally teasing, but above all polite. Gabriel's politeness is that of the tender, dogged, courtly lover, wishing he had more interesting tales to tell, apologetic about the naughtiness of a drawing he sends her, nervous lest his poetic tributes be misunderstood ('Is it conceivable that you put some inconceivable construction on that Sonnet I sent you?'), yearning for her mere presence, and warming himself with what might have been. Janey's politeness is that of debility, and also of common sense. Having just avoided emotional disaster, she can look with tolerance and compassion on her still misty-eyed innamorato; her letters foreshadow her final judgment to Theodore Watts after Rossetti's death – 'That Gabriel was mad was but too true.'

The concern for health, which animates this correspondence, is more than an offshoot of politeness; and its obsessive quality suggests a deeper cause. It seems probable that Janey retreated into ill health to escape unbearable emotional pressures; and that Gabriel's collapse was caused not just by professional criticism but also by the qualified rejection of his passion. Hence, the subsequent infirmity of either of them becomes, for the other, understandably charged with guilt and burdened with memory. Even making allowance for this undertow, the results are somewhat comical. The Victorian Dante watches over his Beatrice in the most mundane fashion:

My dearest Janey, The moment I got your letter I bethought me of Shield's bottle for neuralgia, and am now sending it by post. Do try it, as I am told it is very efficacious.

He sends her Chlorodyne ('30 drops in water may be taken about once in an hour'), urges cod liver oil and iron tonic (to be taken through a glass straw for fear of

loosening the teeth). She, in return, is 'grieved indeed to hear of your bad nights'; but her neuralgia, back problem and eye trouble frequently restrict her to pencilled notelets ('I am only writing a line to prevent your imagining that I am too unwell to do so'), and often curtail her solicitude ('I must finish, I have fainting-fits still if I sit up for more than a few minutes'). As common ground for lovers, it is decidedly quaint: 'you know as every one else does what a violent influenza cold does for one's appearance, you have sometimes refused to be seen under such circumstances.'

Rossetti's fear of giving offence often adds a pathetic touch to his devotion. In 1880 he writes to Janey about using snowdrops in a portrait, and a few days later a bunch of them arrives at his studio. Excited and touched, he writes back: 'I should like of all things to paint those of your sending.' Unluckily, the sender turns out to have been someone else, and gratitude turns to craven guilt: 'I am so sorry the snowdrops were not yours. I certainly would not have painted them in a hurry if I had known they came from anyone else.' Generally, however, he does his best to entertain the lady as she staggers to her day-bed and reels between spas. PRB whimsy is acceptable, and he rabbits on about wombats and dormice; he makes up jolly Renaissance rhymes for her ('Mick and Lenny, Sandy and Vick, Of all Italian art are the pick'), tells her anecdotes about the crazy Howell, and recommends books (including a forward-looking appreciation of

Donne). The odd vivid phrase – Samuel Butler's eyebrows 'exactly like two leeches stuck on his face' – is worth reading on for. But Rossetti's malice, what Morris called his 'arrogant misanthropy', is damped down by fear of seeming a real person; he only occasionally lets go, at G. H. Lewes, 'a French idiot named Manet', and the young Wilde's poems ('trash').

As for Janey, she remains elusive despite these letters. Even the best contemporary descriptions fail to fix her with any distinct outline of character: Henry James found her 'an apparition of fearful and wonderful intensity' – racked with toothache. She seems passive, stamped with the desired impression of others. The first letter of hers to survive fittingly concerns her appearance – 'I hate to appear before you as a Guy.' She receives her offerings of Calderon and Chlorodyne with equal gratitude, reads at the prompting of others, and struggles with Gabriel's poems. Yet perhaps this correspondence is as unfair to her as were those young smartboots like Shaw, who came to view her and went away scoffing when she said things like 'Have some more suet pudding'. The difficulties of being loved simultaneously by thunderous Morris and demanding Rossetti must have encouraged a simple woman to Sphinxian silence. Later, when they were both dead, she met the young Will Rothenstein, who found her serene, and, to his surprise, a willing and admirable conversationalist. Her health, significantly, had much improved.

Derek Mahon

Any Takers?

Memoirs of an Advertising Man by JOHN MELLORS *London Magazine Editions* £3.75

John Mellors spent the years 1947 to 1970 with a leading London advertising agency, coming in as a trainee copywriter and winding up as Creative Director, that splendid *Brave New World*-ism for the Almighty. His best years were the Fifties, when the agency (which handled the Guinness account) was full of vitality and inventiveness. This was largely because it employed a lively bunch of copywriters, many of whom were also real writers as well. The level of literacy appears to have been high, although as the agency started streamlining itself Mellors and his like were sometimes looked at askance: 'Why waste your time reading Iris Murdoch when you could be drafting a memorandum on how the fifth-floor lavatory could be turned into a "profit centre"?'

Contrary to a widely held belief, this anti-literary prejudice is by no means dead. A friend of mine, driven by need, once spent six months as a copywriter with a leading London agency. Called before the Creative Director at the end of that time, and asked what he was reading (the *Confessions* of David Ogilvy? Bound volumes of *Campaign* magazine?), he replied 'Martin Chuzzlewit',

and was given his cards soon after. The present writer, also driven by need, once wasted six months in the same fashion and was amazed by the prevailing solemnity. No cackles of ironical laughter from neighbouring desks as creative cynics forged some excruciating jingle for an imminent detergent. Instead, grown men gravely sitting in conference to discuss the relative merits of different brands of chocolate bar, or trooping down to the laboratory to inspect a new kind of disposable nappy – though their eyes looked haunted. At least in John Mellors's agency the mind-bending fatuity of the task in hand was relieved by the eccentricity of colleagues, like the chain-smoking lady copywriter preparing, with her assistant, a Coty campaign. Where does a girl use scent, dear? Behind the ears, of course, and on the inside of the wrists. Oh yes, and between the breasts. Anywhere else?

'In the groin, dear, in the groin.' She blew cigarette ash from her notebook and wrote down: '4. Groin.' 'Now, dear, how are we going to get that over in print?'

These memoirs abound with eccentrics, first and foremost Mr Mellors's own father, 'Cautious Claude', a phlegmatic Yorkshireman who would leave Huddersfield only with the greatest reluctance and took a very

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Stories should be sent to:

The Editorial Officer
The Arts Council of Great Britain
105 Piccadilly, W1V 0AU

before 10 September 1976

dim view of 'abroad'. (When young, John went to Paris on business. Cautious Claude was concerned that he had packed no sandwiches to sustain him there.) At a small resort near Toulon he met a former French rugby international who spoke lyrically, as the sun set, of *les belles villes d'Angleterre* – Wigan, Warrington, Salford – where he had once toured; and in a Hamburg nightclub he encountered Annie, a genteel stripper from East Grinstead:

She had been 'in panto' for several years before 'coming into stripping'. Her tone gave the impression that the pantomime days had been a rough initiation into the world of theatre.

Mr Mellors's modest ambition was to be a copywriter, a 'creative man', chiefly for the fun of the thing:

I had no wish to have any closer contact with clients than to be briefed by them and to present a campaign to them. I wanted to go on 'making advertisements', if possible, to the end of my career in advertising.

It was not to be. Singled out for promotion, he found himself becoming a more powerful figure, and perhaps a busier one, than he had intended. This process coincided with, and perhaps contributed to, his gradual disenchantment with the advertising business itself.

Another factor was the rise of the television commercial ('All those grinning children spooning up mush that a smugly smiling Mum had emptied out of a tin'). But the source of his discontent lay further back, in a pub near the Derby engine sheds, where he lent ten bob to a desperately poor young woman called Rhoda. She needed it to buy a bottle of British wine so that she could be sufficiently fuddled to let a strange man make love to her: her husband was on nights and she was making a bit of money on the side. Two days later Mr Mellors was in the Bristol board room of W. D. & H. O. Wills, and it seemed to him

'unfitting' in the Greek sense, that over tea and cucumber sandwiches a group of men and women, with hundreds of thousands of pounds to deploy, should make elaborate plans to buy Rhoda's 'brand loyalty' and 'increase the Wills share of the market'.

Some time later he visited, again in a professional capacity, Butlin's holiday camp at Skegness, the one Arthur Marshall was so amiable about in a recent NS. Mr Mellors saw it differently. He was 'impressed, though not favourably', by the ingenuity with which it had been isolated from the surrounding coast and country. A rampart had been built so that from inside the camp it was impossible to see the beach.

You 'needed' a pass to leave the camp (what does he mean by this?), which struck him as more concentration than holiday; and the food was lousy. The prisoners, however, seemed to be enjoying themselves. (Rhoda, says Mr Mellors, would probably have loved it.) An accumulation of such incidents seems to have affected his stomach for advertising and inspired him with the desire to be another kind of 'creative man'. He ends with an advertisement ('It's new, it's different') for his own translation of Edmond de Goncourt's *Chérie*, which is crying out for a publisher. Any takers?

John Raymond

Imperial Grit

Milner: Apostle of Empire by JOHN MARLOWE
Hamish Hamilton £9.50

Proconsuls are still at a premium. Unlike old soldiers in the song, they never simply fade away. Their pith-helmets continue to make hives for bees and buzz in the minds of backward-looking intellectuals and historical voyeurs with special tastes who like to live safely and vicariously in the past – particularly in that gilded and gilt-edged Edwardian portion of it that we feel we have known intimately by hearsay all our lives and about the darker side of which we like to think in later years we have known so much. Among all the praises heaped on *Upstairs, Downstairs*, the success of Richard Bellamy's name-dropping as an aid to establishing authenticity – Curzon said this, Milner did that, Kitchener objected to the other thing, etc. – should not have gone unnoticed.

But some proconsuls are more equal than others. As bit by bit we come to know them better, the fortunate among them – those who last longest in the folk imagination – drop their imperial postures and become more like outsize human beings, creatures of vitality and appetite. Each new volume of letters or reminiscence does something to accentuate the red-nosed image. Thus three years ago, in the official biography of Sir Horace Rumbold, we had the spectacle of Lord Kitchener, while touring imperial Japan, getting into a fiendish pet at being entertained by the quality geisha. This year, in the 'Peking' Morrison papers, we had him collaring – or attempting to nab – ceramics in Mukden. And look at the picture of Lord Curzon in this book. Walking down a Belgravia street, stick in hand and a gleam in his eye, he resembles a busker in mufti, Max Miller's or Bud Flanagan's understudy, the cheeky chappie of a thousand variety exchanges. Much of

this is the work of Curzon's brilliant team of script-writers, beginning long ago with Harold Nicolson, who gave him his inebriate valet Arketall ('I liked that man') and wrote his Derbyshire patter. But much of it is the work of Curzon himself, the man who showed his second wife her niche in the family vault at Kedleston and whose town house was for many years the seat of the Savage Club. (The guest passed up a grand staircase of trophies and tiger skins to a bar full of the best comedians and comic writers in the country. I like to think that some part in the celestial make-up of Lord Curzon enjoyed that contrast.) Meanwhile, look again at the photo in John Marlowe's book. Not a comic feed's smile, perhaps; rather, the smile on the face of the tiger. This is the smile of a man who knows that he once governed India, that he administratively carved up Bengal, that he had a battalion exiled to hell-hot Aden for a year because an Assamese woman had been raped, and, as a result, was booed when he arrived at the Calcutta races. It is the broad smile of a man who can, for a few moments, forget that Lloyd George taunted him uproariously in cabinet this morning and will insult him again tomorrow.

In this Edwardian galaxy, Alfred Milner strikes quite a different note. He seems a man out of step with the rest, or, to adapt his friend Kipling's fable language, he is the cat who walks by himself. If all places – Balliol, Egypt, the Inland Revenue, South Africa, the War Cabinet, the Colonial Office – were alike to him, it was because they were all equal fields for devouring zeal and energy – integrity, imperial true grit, administrative genius, call it what you will. When you think of his academically brilliant career with its glittering prizes (the Hertford, Craven, Eldon and Derby scholarships) and the fact that, to judge by his disciple, John Buchan, he never seems to have opened a classical text afterwards ('one of the finest scholars of his age, he had put his scholarship away on a high shelf'), the mystery deepens. This very perfect knight of Empire, the rouser of drill halls and conscription rallies, the inspirer of his own Kindergarten of Buchan boy wonders, later to become the Round Table – mostly the same cast, grown

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COLLINS/HARVILL

older, brasher, more influential, more vindictive and intriguing (it was they who put the tag 'Squiffy' on to Asquith) but no less reverential towards himself – remains a conundrum.

It is one that Mr Marlowe, with the best will in the world, does not do much to resolve. (His bibliography suggests that, in spite of great industry, he has not assimilated all the right authorities.) His book is diligent but prosy, pricey and cumbersome. It seems to embody the kind of long-winded public record which was once all the required rage among clubmen and library subscribers but for which I should have thought that only a slender readership existed today. The writer does what he can with his material but Milner remains a man to speculate about in the void. What was it that, in the last analysis, failed to make him tick? Beatrice Webb, who visited him on a bicycling holiday after he had got back from South Africa, thought that it was the lack of God and marriage to the right woman:

... A God and a wife would have made Milner, with his faithfulness, persistency, capacity and charm, into a great man. Without either he has been a tragic example of success and failure. 'He would have been made by being loved,' summed up Granville Barker as we rode away.

One wonders how true this is. Though Margot Asquith turned him down quite early on, Milner was generally reckoned a success with women, and he preceded Curzon in Elinor Glyn's affections. 'I always thought he must be the reincarnation of Socrates,' she said, after he had read her the *Phaedo* on the terrace at Carlsbad. Better late than never. It is good to know that, five years before his death, Milner married his old friend and ally, the widowed Lady Edward Cecil. Born Violet Maxse, she was the daughter of the admiral, Meredith's friend, who had served as the model for the hero of his great political novel, *Beauchamp's Career*. (It is here that we may find an answer to what was lacking in Milner.)

Milner's closest writer friend was Kipling. They thought and felt alike (they always tried to share Empire Day), showed the same nervous lucidity (and the same streak of unconscious neurotic cruelty, perhaps) and had the same political and social loathings. When Milner died, Kipling wrote his fine rhetorical poem, 'The Pro-Consuls'. On the day before the peace that ended the Boer War was signed, Milner wrote to a friend:

I see things as they are and recognise that it is a fool's trick . . . to keep an Empire for people who are dead set on chucking it away. I could wrestle with Boers for ever. But British infatuation is too much for me. What with our sentimentality, our Party system . . . our 'Mandarins', our 'Society' and our Generals, the game is just hopeless. . . . Our political organisation is thoroughly rotten, almost non-existent. It is Carthaginian – really the only comparison I can think of . . .

Carthage. Not St Augustine's city of burning joys, but Carthage, the industrial empire of the slothful and besotted, Carthage the 'nigger Manchester' of the Stalky short story. Even a proconsul, be he Regulus, Milner or whoever, must throw in the towel when Rome turns herself into Carthage.

Russell Davies

To Criticise the Cricket

Conversations with Cardus by ROBIN DANIELS Gollancz £5.95

But the great joke was not England's slip-fielding, funny though that was; the joke was the fast bowling of Clark and Allen. O'Reilly's three wickets stood naked to the world, looking as wide as a gate. Neither Allen nor Clark could bowl a straight ball apparently. Wyatt solemnly asked Allen if he would like another slip; he ought to have asked him if he would like three more stumps.

Thus Neville Cardus on the Third Test Match at Old Trafford, 1934: familiar problems in English cricket, and no fun for Clark or G. O. Allen to read on the morning after. Coming from a writer famed even then as a *celebrator* of talent, a great evoker of character, plain sarcasm must have been extra wounding to its victims. But then Cardus had never been quite as religiously dedicated to the uttermost in constructive criticism as one tends to think; witness the early advantage he took of his exalted position – in the gallery – at the Tivoli Theatre, Manchester:

A *Lion Comique* was a type of singer, a rather heavy baritone, who would usually be dressed in a fur coat – with an astrakhan collar – and a trilby hat . . . I was then about 18. I was a keen cricketer, and I could throw straight. I threw an 'egg' at this *Lion Comique* [and, for Cardus, eggs in inverted commas were eggs *d'un certain age*] and it hit him right in the middle of his dress shirt. I felt absolutely no remorse at all!

And so began, more or less, a lifetime of cultural commentary: throughout which Cardus remained a scarcely less 'real' participant in events. It was hard to think of the man as a paid reporter – rumour suggests, indeed, that he was never paid all that much, and died in full retreat towards the headline he had escaped in youth – but quite easy to imagine him as part of the definition of an occasion, a symbol of its worthwhileness and an active component in its creativity. Cardus's presence, whether in the Stalls or the Press Box or the Members' Enclosure, became a guarantee that performances were being considered, in one quarter at least, as organic extensions of the artists involved. Except in rare and dreadful instances (like the one furnished above by the aimless Clark and Allen) matters of technical competence were not much worried over; it was for its human content that the 'playing', in either sphere, was being assessed. The player who looked to a Cardus notice could expect to find a record not of his power to impress an audience but of his achievement as a human being breathing the same air as the critic.

But it was not out of simple gratitude, I suspect, that artists and sportsmen welcomed Cardus as a citizen of their private

worlds. It was also that they recognised, consciously or not, how he had immersed into the consideration of their activities an ego comparable in strength and insistence to their own. As egos go, it was superbly well tamed, but it carried Cardus through, in those local terms in which ambition is generally measured, from pushing a handcart in Brook Street, Manchester, to the Presidency of the Lancashire Cricket Club; and in the wider world, it built a teenage autodidact, sitting out the Edwardian years in the Dickenson Road Public Library, into the musical arbiter of an entire continent, Australia, where Cardus spent most of the Forties trying to 'sow some seeds in the country's artistic life'. None of this was achieved without the prompting of a sizeable ambition: but what was remarkable about Cardus from the start was that he matched the bigness of his imagination not to dreams of his own achievement, but to the creative processes of artists. He set himself the task of accommodating the grandeur of others' emotions, and this is an act of self-abnegation which an artist, unable to perform it himself, respects all the more.

So these conversations, recorded during the last months of Cardus's 85 years of life, very pleasantly review his long and so often successful struggle to *do justice* to the created world. For myself, I wish that Mr Daniels had edited more ruthlessly, since to have been more ruthless would have been more kind. There are a great many repetitions here, both of fact and phrase, and authenticity could have been helpfully sacrificed to variety. Nobody so interesting should be made to sound like a bore, unless his themes are a matter of didactic insistence; in this case, they are plainly the result of old age, and of Daniels's going over identical ground with the great man. Cardus would have made tactical excisions.

But once you accept that the book is full of loose ends that appeared to have been tied up dozens of pages before, it is a mighty good and fluent read. The expected range is exceeded at both ends. There are Beecham jokes (Sir Thomas receiving a new woodwind player called Ball into the section: 'Ball? Oh, Ball. How very singular!') and newspaper jokes (telephoning a piece on Irmgard Seefried's singing in Berg's *Der Wein*, Cardus said 'She was quite eloquent'; which the *Manchester Guardian* published as 'she was a white elephant'); there are conscience-stricken passages on Cardus's allergy to Italian tenors, and his incapacity to *feel*, as well as concede, the greatness of Bach; and there is a great deal of discussion of pianists, between whose styles and touches Cardus manages to distinguish, as always, without punishing either his brain or ours with technical terminology. Once or twice, his talk does expose the little tricks and short-cuts there have always been in his written method: I am thinking particularly of the cases where he puts the creative process momentarily in reverse, as when batsmen of the Compton class are spoken of as not making runs but *distributing* them. 'They had a *largesse* of runs.' A phrase Daniels quotes in his introduction works in a similar way: 'his violin did not produce, but rather *received* the music.' In the context of Cardus's best writing, however, these little outbreaks of generous hyper-

bole do not pass without making their poetic effect.

Cardus often insists that great thoughts and trivia should and do coexist, and have an equal validity (if not, ultimately an equal weight) when transmuted into musical terms; and some young readers will no doubt find this all rather unnecessary and wearing. They will be interested, perhaps, to learn that Toscanini liked watching wrestling on TV, or that Elgar treated his friends to champagne after *Gerontius* only because he had just backed the winner of the St Leger; but the thought that the *Emperor Waltz* is as much to be respected in its own terms as *Tristan*, is now, happily, a commonplace. It should not be forgotten, however, that Cardus was one of the men chiefly responsible for the shift away from snobbery in musical appreciation. What is now accepted, he fought for – labouring, the while, under the additional necessity of convincing the snob-world that a man who could write about sport during the day did not thus disqualify himself from operating as a respected cultural commentator after dark. In fact, things had changed so much that by the last year of his life, Cardus was able to go further:

At Lord's one afternoon in 1938, I wrote 1,500 words after seeing Wally Hammond make a wonderful double-century. When I went to Covent Garden that night, I felt a certain lowering of aesthetic temperature.

This is still slightly 'daring'; but it is a point Cardus had earned the right to make, and both music and sport must be thankful that a responsible man made it first.

Susannah Clapp

Game Patties

Bloodshed and Three Novellas by CYNTHIA OZICK *Secker & Warburg* £3.50

The Stonewall Brigade by FRANK G. SLAUGHTER *Hutchinson* £4.25

Count Manfred by MIRANDA SEYMOUR *Hutchinson* £3.95

Narc by S. L. STEBEL *Constable* £3.25

Pigeon Pie by NANCY MITFORD *Hamish Hamilton* £3.25

Cynthia Ozick begins the preface to her new book with a brisk account of the reasons for not writing prefaces. The wariness and confidence are typical of her writing. *Bloodshed* contains four combative stories which twist themselves round possible objections, tricking expectations, wirily accommodating both prosecution and defence – 'Usurpation' is an elaborate fiction about the misguidedness of writing fiction; the title story is one in which no blood is shed.

Even at their chattiest, her plots are spiked with argumentative surprises. 'An Education', the earliest of these stories, charts a clever girl's enchantment with a pair of spurious young intellectuals. Una Meyer, who 'adored anything alphabetical', is treated with irony and sympathy. Her 'second-best moment', when she parsed with

poise in a Latin class, is carefully catalogued; her life with the friends who persuade her to abandon her Fulbright and look after their child, is left largely without comment. When an earnest lover appears, eager to point out Una's subjugation to shallowness, he seems bound to usher in revelation. He does, but its nature is unexpected, for the solitary Una finally reflects that the fickle couple were 'the only persons I've ever known who stayed the same': if their imperviousness to change makes them incomplete, it also makes them attractive.

The later stories are denser and more obviously concerned with unravelling difficulties. Transfixed by the images with which they describe their Jewishness to themselves, Miss Ozick's characters operate with some mysteriousness. Their smaller motives and particular reactions are frequently concealed; their actions, separated from their immediate history, are often startling. In 'Bloodshed', a visitor to a hassidic community attends a prayer meeting, aware of both humility and distaste: listening with a sort of cowed excitement to descriptions of ritual sacrifice, he is suddenly found to be armed – the aggressiveness is not unexpected, but the weapons are unexplained. There are moments in all the later stories when narrative is crushed under the weight of elaborate conceits: too much is threatened and hinted at, and not enough is seen to be going on. But even when prickly and wilfully perplexing, they are the work of a serious and interesting writer.

Novels featuring real historical characters often fall into a fly-on-the-wall category in which a character innocent of actual existence is sent to saunter among the great. The latter are allowed to exist unbesmirched by the ordinary; the representatives of the ordinary, clutching domestic details and concerns to themselves, find no difficulty in distinguishing what is made to last, and appreciate the lofty with all the benefit of hindsight. Frank G. Slaughter's bluff account of the Stonewall Brigade sends a young doctor to Gettysburg with General Jackson. When he is not being 'struck by the stark planes' of Abraham Lincoln's face, or putting his 'finger on the crux' of a military campaign, the hero finds time to exhibit a great deal of honourable manliness. What with amputations, smallpox and falling in love, he manages – with rare diligence – to involve himself in nearly every contemporary dilemma.

In Miranda Seymour's *Count Manfred* things are more flowery and more feverish. Pattering and palpitating after Byron, Lucy Emerton finds the literary world furrowing its brow. Byron manages some 'quick dark urgency' in bed, but, being preyed upon, is mostly broody, making Lucy peevish with his mooning over 'Gus' and getting worked up about his club foot (attempts to put him down are 'bathetically lame'). Shelley, 'a Peri with golden hair', is anxious about ghosts, and Mary worries about novel writing: 'All I have is a title, *Frankenstein*.' Though courage quite often threatens to ebb from the heroine's kid slippers, they manage to take her from the hated homestead, across various beds and borders, until she finally sets her attractively slanted eyes towards Missolonghi.

Latter-day Gothicism rears its head (and heads) in *Narc*, in which a narcotics agent – efficient, brusque, passed over for promotion and in marriage – shoots a young hippie, pockets the heroin he was carrying, and goes into business on his own. His hectic life as dealer, spy and counter-spy enables him not only to note the habits of 'men used to danger' (they cup their cigarettes in calloused palms) but also to be on the scene when a particularly unpleasant criminal is 'transformed into something beyond himself, the personification of evil'. The need to decide whose side he's on – an issue which remains far from clear – allows the narc to attend, rather over possessively, to 'the muddy waters of his own soul', to 'questions which are to do with himself as a person', and to the proud but sportive thighs of a young person who produces her laughter from 'rich areas'.

The much richer areas featured in *Pigeon Pie* (first published in 1940) are peopled by a religious person who talks about God 'as if his real name were Godfrey'; a beamingly inept MP who speaks familiarly of the 'man in the street', though 'he had hardly even been in a street'; a loquacious aristocrat who breaks down at the sight of her first sandbag, and who trains to be a Beautiful Female Spy. The English Slavery Party is formed; the Pagoda Murder committed; war is imagined as screaming at Stalin in Harrods. The plot is skimpy, the archness not infrequently seems simply a nervous tic – but the crackling of some very good jokes makes this well worth reissuing.

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DAVIDSON NICOL

The text of the 1975 Commonwealth Lecture, delivered in Cambridge in 1975. The theme is the importance of the Commonwealth association to its member states, including the UK, and the question of why more use is not made of the link in international relations.

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Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Cheese and Onion

Weapons of Happiness Lyttleton
Donkeys' Years Globe
The Devil's Disciple Aldwych

'Writers of my group all sense the enormous upheaval that is going to come,' declares Howard Brenton in the National Theatre programme. 'It is difficult to define, but if you write a scene set in London today, that future upheaval will be present in that scene.' Not just London, either. Inkings of Armageddon are presumably to be found in David Hare's *Teeth 'n' Smiles*, which involved a disastrous Cambridge May Ball, Howard Barker's *Stripwell*, which sent a doomed judge scampering about Sussex with his doxy, and Brenton's own *Magnificence*, which ended with a distracted squatter blowing up a cabinet minister in a country garden. But his *Weapons of Happiness* is set near the epicentre of the promised earthquake: on the East London fault, in and around a potato-crisp factory which is about to dispose of its workers in much the same way as it does of its peel. They beat up the boss, steal his papers, occupy his works. He picnics drunkenly on champagne outside the walls, protected by police and attended by a snooty, spoiled wife, a corrupt trade union organiser and a sanctimonious foreman: inside, his employees are busy 'liberating' the mechanical potato-shredders, piddling on the shop floor, splattering themselves with corn-oil and wondering what to do next.

If Brenton had concentrated on the occupation itself, with its squalor, muddle and callow bravado, he might have written a play that could be summarised without sounding faintly absurd. Unluckily, he hasn't only introduced bottles of Veuve Cliquot and glum caricatures of the reactionary classes: he's also imported The European Experience in the form of Joseph Frank, once a communist minister in Czechoslovakia, then disgraced, and now just another slavish fryer of English crisps. The factory occupation, or rather the Trotskyite girl who has organised it, manages to cure the spiritual paralysis that the years of torture, prison and exile have inflicted on him. He relives his ordeal in flashback. He recalls Stalin, not without affection. He reaffirms his belief that the Party was right to put him on show-trial, since its need for a victim was greater than his for justice. He patronises his fellow-strikers for their amateurishness, and delivers sage advice to the now adoring Trot, Jan, who is to 'make for another city', presumably to set up political shop in a small way and learn the revolutionary's trade from the bottom up. Then he quietly expires, leaving her to intone, in the very last line of the play, a tight-throated eulogy: 'He was a communist.'

One shouldn't be impressed by a man's

character or philosophy simply because one is moved by his sufferings; but this is the sentimental illogic to which Brenton, like his shrill heroine, seems to have succumbed. On the face of it, Frank's post-hoc deference to his Stalinist inquisitors is odious and alarming, a poor advertisement for any 'future upheaval' influenced by him. Certainly, we need to know much more about his beliefs if we're to accept him as a mentor, an example of European maturity to set against English infantilism. One trouble with the play may be that there's no open discussion of the issues, no articulate collision of socialist ideas. Another is that the characters fail to escape from the head that conceived them. They are more like sketches for people than people, not least Frank, who seems too insubstantial to prove anything except that Brenton has read *Darkness at Noon*. There's also something strangely abstract about Jan, who is supposed to be both an uneducated working-girl and a convinced communist, well-versed in Marxist prophecy. 'Couldn't understand a word,' she is made to say, in a lame attempt to reconcile this contradiction, 'but I believed in it.' It's fitting that her therapeutic seduction of the mouldering apparatchik should take place in, of all places, the London Planetarium: this is pie-in-the-sky sex, as remote from an ordinary terrestrial grope as any imaginable quasar, black hole or white dwarf.

Still, it takes a certain audacity to write such a scene. Brenton isn't afraid to exploit the resources of an unusually roomy stage, or to zoom through time and space. He and David Hare, who directs, whisk us from factory yard, to Thameside wharf, to a Moscow square back in winter 1952: they unfurl a Kodachrome portrait of Stalin, and then bring on the smiling monster himself: they get watchable, if uninventive, performances from a cast that includes Julie Covington, Michael Medwin and Frank Finlay, who pads dolefully across the boards in a seedy overcoat, the picture of dour endurance. The eye submits, and so, most of the time, does the ear, though there's a self-conscious unpredictability about some of Brenton's dialogue. It's the mind, at any rate *my* mind, that resists. *Weapons of Happiness* strikes me as profoundly implausible, and also lacking in commodities badly needed when the subject is nothing less than our collective future: intellectual penetration, mental vigour, the will to interpret rather than casually evoke. The National is right to present work that might upset the politically squeamish; but it is not going to achieve much with a play that shares the vagueness, the lack of focus and force, of its potato-crisp revolutionaries.

For a time I feared *Donkeys' Years* would disappoint me. We all know that

Michael Frayn has a wicked ear for cliché, and as the 40-year-olds of his play gather in the quad for their college reunion, it begins to sound as if that ear is the author. 'I feel as if I've never been away' . . . 'how much we've changed, and yet how little' . . . 'how like Roddy to do something unlike him': those smiling, stammering encounters effortlessly convey the difficulty of patching up old intimacies, the artificiality of explaining oneself to a junior minister or consultant surgeon whom one last knew as a shambling boy on a bike – but where do we go from there? Well, the answer is to farce, and finally gorgeous farce, all the funnier for emerging from credible aspirations and natural anxieties. It's a hankering for those irrecoverable years that makes middle-aged men pound up staircases singing bawdy songs, debagging each other and half-dislocating their underexercised backs; and that, too, which sends the Master's wife, whose fishnet-stockinged Ophelia is still remembered by undergraduates of her generation, sneaking into the room she supposes to be occupied by her one-time lover. And it's fear that her reputation as wife, magistrate and stately figurehead of the university will be damaged that makes her hide in bedrooms, flatten herself behind doors and shin across the bathroom roof in a dinner jacket five sizes too small.

Donkeys' Years is so called because they're celebrating an old, irrelevant event, because their education doesn't seem to have implanted much wisdom between those long, pointed ears, and perhaps also because the reunion is a carrot, a bribe. 'You're meant to be paying for the new building,' a young don yells at the revellers, 'not demolishing the old.' To him, they're 'hooligans', to be bloated with wine, kept out of sight of respectable people and then sent away with their seven-year covenant forms. Clearly, the play is richer and cannier than we expect farces to be, and that sets a problem for its director, who must keep the plot careering along, yet not sacrifice subtlety or pathos. It seems to me that Michael Rudman's production is too broad: his cast needs more breath, more shifts of pace, more time to show us the shadows behind their characters. Peter Barkworth puffs and yelps, Harold Innocent oils, Julian Curry thinly smiles, Jeffery Wickham gangles, Andrew Robertson fizzles about dementedly as a college member so obscure that none of his contemporaries actually met him. Most are as good as the hectic mood will allow, but only Penelope Keith successfully transcends that mood. Her bottled desperation as Lady Driver, a Master's wife who spends the evening lurching just this side of girlish hysteria, is marvellous to watch.

For a persuasive account of how Shaw exploited and transformed moribund forms, read Martin Meisel's *Shaw and the 19th-Century Theatre*. For a particular example, see Jack Gold's production of *The Devil's Disciple*, which finds wit, life, sense and fun in reprocessed melodrama. The only doubt is Tom Conti's Dick Dudgeon, whose lazy, knowing smiles don't seem adequate for an all-electric hero. But the women in the interval wouldn't hear a word against his charm and machismo; and they, presumably, should know.

Films

John Coleman

Bang Bang

Bugsy Malone Leicester Square Theatre
Buffalo Bill and the Indians ABC's Shaftesbury Avenue, Fulham Road and Bayswater

Bugsy Malone, produced, written and directed by Alan Parker (whose first feature film it is, after previous experience as scriptman, in TV, and as a maker of lively commercials), is an original, perilous and marvelously entertaining send-up of the Thirties gangster movie plus some songs and dance. When one says that it is entirely enacted by kids – hard to assess, but presumably ranging in age from around ten to 17 – one has done enough to establish the risk Mr Parker was running. And, in fact, the script he wrote for Waris Hussein's *Melody* (1971), which I seem to have described at the time as 'If . . . for the nappy set', was pretty ghastly, an unreal nonsense about two 11-year-olds falling in love at a South London comprehensive. But the beauty of *Bugsy*, of course, is that unreality is its very essence. This is children slinking and blustering through a wholehearted parody of a couple of grown-up film genres: I don't know whether they had fun (they look as if they are having a ball): I know that we do. Greatly to Mr Parker's credit is the professionalism of everyone in sight, partly due – one imagines – to some razor-sharp editing (Gerry Hambling), primarily thanks to a pronounced absence of cuteness. The talented performers play straight. I would be less than honest not to admit that young Jodie Foster as a slinky speakeasy chan-too-zie, Tallulah, brought out a twinge of the Humbert Humberts in me: generally, though, the occasion is remarkable for side-stepping the queasiness little lipsticked girls (and moustached boys, come to that) are liable to engender.

One never forgets that it is all a giant charade, and is thus liberated to lean back and enjoy a visual and verbal re-hash of just about every cliché that made Warners tops for a decade. The dialogue is vintage hard-boiled. When amiable young Bugsy (Scott Baio) falls for a would-be singer, Blousey (Florrie Dugger), he offers her a lift. Unfortunately, he has no car. 'Whaddya going to do?' she snarls. 'Stand me on a box?' (In the margin, relevant portions of the sets and props – notably, a couple of pedal-propelled automobiles – were scaled down to fit a cast mostly no bigger than Alan Ladd.) Tallulah has her high spots: to a little coloured kid, banging a piano, 'Hey, Fizzy, will you cut the ivory and hit the shoe-leather?'; to Bugsy, whom she fancies, 'How about smearing my lipstick?' – the resultant kiss is chastely on his forehead; to Fat Sam (John Cassisi), a mobster and speakeasy-owner rapidly running out of mob as a rival, Dandy Dan (Martin Lev), wages war against

him with the dreaded 'Splurge Gun' (which emits a creamy liquid) – Tallulah has urgently been told to repair her make-up, i.e. get lost – 'All right, I'll go manicure my gloves.'

A fellow is splurged down in a barber's chair, newspaper headlines whirl in montage, the police make asses of themselves, reporters are caught in a tracking shot jabbering in several languages into phone booths: 'it's certainly not cricket,' enunciates the end chap. Paul Williams's songs are better than pleasant (particularly the spoof-naughty, 'My Name's Tallulah', and a stamping, crashing number, 'Down and Out') and the dance routines are comic or charming, sometimes both. One of the best gags comes during a ruthless audition: after several inventively crass turns, a girl wheels a giant harp on stage – 'Next!' howl the selectors in unison before she has even plucked it. The chubby-faced heroine, the ultra-composed Miss Dugger, has her sights set on Hollywood (a tiny reverie-sequence shows her wishfully taking over from another actress) and, as the rival gangs shake hands all round at the close, smothered in white goo, this Blousey and her Bugsy sneak off, bound for filmiland.

Which is where Robert Altman's latest film, *Buffalo Bill and the Indians* ('Or Sitting Bull's History Lesson'), comes in. Actually, it is pre-Hollywood, being set c. 1885, when William F. Cody's celebrated tent show was at the height of its popularity, but this Wild West extravaganza can arguably be put forward as the precursor of much that was to find itself on early celluloid – and to go on being exploited to this day. A couple of quotes may be germane here. Altman has claimed, 'I try to stay as close to the truth and as far away from myths as I can'; and Paul Newman, who plays the braggart Buffalo Bill (in life, an Indian scout made legendary by a dime-novelist, Ned Buntline), is quoted as saying, 'I looked on [him] as being the first movie star and went from there.' It helps to keep a firm hold on these propositions in tracing a path through Altman's most free-form work (and that includes *California Split*). One is used by now to the often blurry 'naturalism' of the separate-track recording first employed in *CS* and takes it on trust that what one misses probably won't hurt one. But there are graver charges to be laid this time and I am not sure they don't sabotage an ambitious and ingenious enterprise. After jocose bill-board titles, we are dropped lickety-split into the maelstrom of actors and acts that make up Cody's canvas world. His producer, Nate Salsbury (the splendid Joel Grey), leaps around, trying to keep the pieces together; his publicist, Major John Burke (Kevin McCarthy), mouths orotundities (as usual, the cast were encouraged to improvise lines, some of which were incorporated into Alan Rudolph and Altman's script); Annie Oakley (Geraldine Chaplin) practises trick shots with her windy husband, Frank – 'the world's most handsome living target' – Butler (John Considine); the legend-maker, Buntline (Burt Lancaster), yarns away at a neighbouring inn about his boosting of Cody.

From the outset, *Buffalo Bill* is established as a hollow man; his flowing mane

is a wig; his sharp-shooting is assisted by buckshot; he needs a new gimmick. Not that he is reluctant to praise his co-worker's efforts. 'That was a good idea,' he approves to an aide. 'What?' 'Giving the Indians slower horses.' Talking of Indians, someone suggests getting Sitting Bull out of retirement. He turns out to be a wizened, one-feathered old man, whose unspoken thoughts are lavishly interpreted by the gigantic brave, William Halsey (Will Sampson, the pseudo-mute in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*). Sitting Bull's little band enigmatically join the troupe but insist on camping across water thought to be impassable: moans Cody's nephew, 'Uncle Will, they crossed the river again and they ain't even wet.' This is the first of several ploys that attribute both greater physical and spiritual powers to the Indians. The wrinkled chief is waiting for the President of the United States and, sure enough, Grover Cleveland materialises, on a honeymoon visit.

Gradually, things fall apart. Sitting Bull and his people leave and only Annie's intervention gets them back ('The little bastard can stay'). In an utterly mysterious episode, the old chief is trotted out for the paying customers, who at first cat-call and jeer, then abruptly – impressed by his impassive dignity? – applaud like crazy. Something appears to be badly awry here. The emphasis on the show business artifice of daily recreating the history of the West grows heavy-handed: 'Godammit, where's my real jacket?' growls Cody in an emergency. And

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Haydn/Quartet in A op 20 no 6: Tippett/
Quartet no 1:
Beethoven/Quartet in C sharp minor op 131

Tuesday 27 July
TONY HARRISON and CHRISTOPHER LOGUE
read their poetry

Wednesday 28 July
LINDSAY STRING QUARTET/CLIFFORD
BENSON piano
Tippett/Quartet no 2: Mozart/Quartet in D
K499:
Brahms/Piano Quintet in F minor op 34

Thursday 29 July
TOM McDONNELL baritone
and
GEOFFREY PARSONS piano
in a recital of songs by Britten, Berkeley,
Goossens, including settings of poems by
Auden, Graves, Joyce, Housman and Hardy

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clarinet
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no 3:
Mozart/Clarinet Quintet in A K581

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there is a last confrontation between Cody and Ned Buntline, with the first explaining, 'Frankly, Nate can't stand the sight of you - guess nostalgia ain't what it used to be.' The other departs on an ashen phrase: 'Buffalo Bill . . . the thrill of my life to have invented you.' The trouble is that the clever Mr Altman, no dime novelist, has failed for me to have invented even the phoney that Buffalo Bill undoubtedly was. It is not Newman's fault, even if his performance now and then looks more puzzled than simply put upon by the demands of circus stardom. It is rather Altman the allegorist who makes one uneasy.

Photography

John Naughton

Fresh Air

Ansel Adams Photographs Victoria & Albert Museum until 29 August

In the muggy atmosphere of the V&A last week, some of Ansel Adams's landscapes became like windows on to another world, full of wild places, awe-inspiring rather than inviting, chilly, windless, unpopulated, where the air is clean and where even on a bad day one can see for miles. Serious photographers are habitually drawn to such places,

seeking the acuity and 'edge' which unfiltered natural lighting can bestow on pictures. Yet, when it comes down to it, few of them prove equal to the challenge: nature, in photography as in ecology, is not easily tamed.

A few - a very few - photographers, however, have coped successfully with the challenge of the wild. One thinks immediately of the Westons *père et fils*, of Wynn Bullock - and of Ansel Adams. It is partly a question of technique. Photographic emulsions, despite commercial trumpetings about their modern excellence, are really rather poor implements for capturing the subtleties of natural lighting. Unable to cope with the wide tonal range found in most naturally-lit scenes, they cope by compressing it, thereby doing grave injustices to the shadows and highlights of the subject. For chemical reasons there is not much that anyone can do about this, but many years ago Adams invented a method of calculating exposure which at least ensured that the tones within the restricted emulsion range were properly balanced. It was a small advance, but a significant one.

Just how significant can be judged from the collection now on show. His *Mount McKinley from Wonder Lake* (1948) is a marvel not just of composition but also of tonal control, with amazing detail both in the snowy peak and the lake shore. Similar control is evident in *Winter Sunrise, Sierra Nevada* (1944), *Sand Fence* (1948) and in a wonderful woodland picture, *Aspens* (1958). *White Branches* (1950), showing a bleached tree against the background of a mirror-

smooth lake, evokes the stillness and peace of early morning better than any other photograph I've seen. *Roots, Foster Gardens* (1948), *Dogwood Blossoms* and a superb photograph of water droplets on grass remind one that Adams has an eye for the detail of landscape as well as for the great themes.

This is the most extensive exhibition of Adams's photographs ever held in Britain. Drawn from his large-scale 1974 New York retrospective, it includes a charming collection of small polaroid prints which will unseat *cognoscenti* who belittle 'instant pictures'. But it is the big prints which steal the show - especially those famous pictures which have become stamped on the consciousness of photographers everywhere: the snatched shot of moonrise over Hernandez, New Mexico; the brooding picture of the face of Half Dome in Yosemite National Park; the classical S-composition of *Teton Range and the Snake River* (1942); and, above all, *Mount Williamson from Manzanar* (1944) with its boulder-strewn foreground and majestic mountain lit by shafting sunlight. This, one feels, is where Moses should have brought down the Tablets.

Television

Ian Hamilton

It's Supermen

Large-scale personal magnetism is not the easiest of qualities to get across on stage or screen. You can write in the slow burns and the rising cadences, the close-ups and the crowds, but everybody knows that those rapt peasants (or soldiers, or apostles) have been hired to look like that. Try magnetising *me*, one tends to say. Certainly, this was the healthy response to Bernard Fergusson's *Radio Times* curtain-raising piece about *Orde Wingate* (BBC-2). He was devastatingly, fanatically good, with a religious sense that positively flamed; 'As a leader, he was almost hypnotic'; 'In the qualities of both moral and physical courage, he was a lion, nothing less'. And if you think that's not enough, try this: 'Our faith in him was complete; and not one of the men whom we left dead or dying, whether of wounds or more often from starvation, . . . ever upbraided him or me.' Maybe they weren't dead after all, but merely hypnotised. At any rate, the article served to induce a sceptical preparedness for BBC-2's new series on the great man, and it was to everyone's credit that after about 20 minutes a good deal of that scepticism had begun to fall away.

True, the script (by Don Shaw) could hardly avoid horizon-searching rhetoric ('I cannot be a nobody, I cannot be a nothing. I need a cause') but it did as little of this kind of thing as possible, concentrating instead on trying to get across not just Wingate's terrific personal appeal but also the complicated political situation in which he found himself in Palestine in 1937.

Alan Brownjohn

The World Outside

When poetry was a landscape art, arranging
Syllables in a noble sweep to gaze up, the vista
Was the big house of order and seclusion, stately
Between stiffly regular lines of most proper trees.
The world kept out was the goatherds and their pipes.

When *civitas* seemed quite possible, the view
Was the city square, across a purified *parole*
- Incredibly kempt, and engraved with some token bourgeois
Respectably strolling out. Small in the foreground, the rest of the world
Was the mongrel dog that whined at the flawless ground.

Seeing the lift 'Out of order', he mounts the stairs
Helped by a loosening banister, and sees
Poetry striving to root in a tub of dying plants
Put down on a vinyl landing. The poor pale thing
Is hungry for sense and sanity, wincing at

The sight from this fifth floor window, and craving
Simply to understand: four lanes of a freeway
Mesh with six lanes of another below, and sunshine
Glitters amazedly off the flank of forty-two
Office-floors across the street. At the ninth landing,

He knows that this world won't be excluded. It goes with him
Into a room where fifty are gathered together
Drinking to efface the scenery. Traffic management,
Retrieval systems and God can't contain this world;
So words will somehow have to. 'Hullo', he says,

'I've read your book. I think it's really great.'

Shaw's problem was to avoid making us think of Wingate as some kind of spiritual opportunist, grabbing at the nearest hopeless cause, while not down-playing the man's evident fanaticism (we saw him scrubbing himself with a toothbrush, deliberately exposing himself to sunstroke in preparation for his Middle East vocation, and so on). He solved it by devoting a riskily large lump of his 50 minutes to Wingate's overtures to the Israelis. Old Testament in hand, Wingate presents himself at the low-budget kibbutz and offers his inflammatory services. Shunned there ('Look, we've had others like you before . . . romantics, half-lunatics, projecting their dreams on to us'), he drops in on Chaim Weizmann and bullies him into agreeing to retaliatory measures against Arab saboteurs. How accurate all this was I wouldn't know, but it was done with sufficient conviction and intelligence for one to want to look it up. And Barry Foster's performance as Wingate was first-rate; he had a lot of hammy lines to grit his teeth on, and he never once let go. The series is in three parts, and all the Burma stuff is yet to come.

In another department of idealism, *Bill Brand* (Thames) continues to grapple ineffectually with the wicked world of parliamentary compromise. He has grown in cunning since I last saw him, and is now prepared to obey voting instructions so as to get on to committees and there really stir things up. His personal life, alas, is still not what it could be. At one moment we see him gloomily mending his daughter's bike ('I wish you lived here, daddy') and trying to think of something to say to his ex-wife, who is sewing (always a bad sign). At another, he is pulling a wee small hours self-loathing stunt under the none too compassionate scrutiny of his more-radical-than-thou girl friend. 'I've got two voices in my head,' he groans, 'Might/right, compromise/principle, quick/slow, one day/now.' This soliloquy takes place the night before Bill's amendment to an anti-terrorism bill is to be debated in committee; the amendment (which more or less says that the whole bill is a threat to freedom) hasn't got a hope of acceptance, and will once more drop Brand in it with the party. Spurred, though, by his girl's unresponsiveness, he takes the opportunity to lay into the whole lot of them. If the terrorists are 'men of blood', what about international financiers who with a single pound-assaulting phone call can condemn dozens of old people to death by freezing? Cat-calls mount, Bill bludgeons on and the whole (grippingly staged) sequence ends with him slugging a fierce Tory to the ground. I don't really see how he can keep on doing this kind of thing without getting himself (and the series) into real trouble, but it must be said that – Bill's plight aside – the inside-Westminster material is hard not to watch.

And so, I suppose, to the Olympics, or what's left of them. To date, most of the excitement has come from ITV's efforts to get on the inside lane (yes, I *did* watch one and a bit bits of *Rich Man, Poor Man*: as someone in it says 'When a man gets hungry enough, there's nothing he won't do'); but these are early days, days when our men out there can still talk of our 'medal hopes' and sound as if they mean it.

Weekend Competition

No 2422 Set by The Lemon Kid

Dreaming up disgusting dishes and food mixtures (haddock trifle, etc.) has always been popular with our competitors. How about a whole meal (beginning with an *aperitif* of gin and Eno's?), in verse, 12 lines or so, by 6 August?

No 2419 Set by Jethro B. Tucket

Norman Marlow praised Houseman (*sic* – sorry, Jethro: Spiro's fault) for getting the words *hat*, *novel*, *banker*, *cucumber*, *yacht* and *abridgement* into 16 lines! We knew our boys could do it in six with *no sweat*.

Report by Fat Jeff

No sweat: in fact, many candidates got it down to two lines – often the *same* two lines. As a result (and this was a great big mother of an entry), I got rather bored with the behatted, cucumber-cool banker reading a novel on his yacht. *Abridgement* gave some bother, until people realised that novels sometimes get abridged (clever old Stanley J. for leaning on a Shakespearian usage here). Thus, I plumped for audacity – Gareth Morgan's *disguised* words, for instance – while naturally giving the cleverer abridgers their due. £3 a shot.

River-Crossing, 1945-1976

The life-guard's throaty, 'Achtung' makes
me start:
below the *bank*, erratic smears of mud
are now a plague, where gigolo and *cocu*
cumber the sand; *that* was a smudge of blood,
no velvet putting-green; there, fire-seared
and scarred.
it stood – a *bridge men* took. They died
so hard.
GARETH MORGAN

Cucumber sandwiches, enormous hats;
Out in the offing English bankers' yachts.
O former days without abridgement – times
Of ample novels, poems of sixteen lines!
ROY FULLER

Ascot Luncheon

'A cucumber sandwich for Laura McMaster!'
'That dreadful banker wants *more*
salmon mousse!'
'Joan Cholmondley's hat is a dreadful disaster!
It looks like Ted's yacht – in orange
and puce!'
'We're admiring your hat, Joan! So novel!'
'Such fun!
Do try Arthur's Abridgement at fifty to one!'
E. O. PARROTT

My banker,
When his yacht suffered abridgement by
a tanker,
Looked up from his novel and, cool as a
cucumber or alabaster,
Raised his hat to the tanker's master.
PETER ALEXANDER

Meng Chiao's Farewell

A rising wind. The jade yacht tugs its anchor.
Is it time to repay life's loan to the
Ultimate Banker?
Autumn's abridgement of the day draws nigh.
A cucumber transparency of sky
At dusk . . . What novel clarity, my heart!

Rising, I take my hat. Time to depart.
DAVID SUTTON

'A fig for cucumber!' cried Blackford
the banker.
'Contriving such verses is worse than
that tanka.
An abridgment of Housman in some
six-line form?
This comp. is too novel – and the weather
too warm!
I am off in my yacht and that is just that!
If you get many entries, I'll be eating
my hat!'
PAT BLACKFORD

Hat tilted over eyes, I drowse on deck;
The novel slithers from my hand. Daft plot –
Murdered Swiss banker and a lesbian 'tec.
'Cucumber sandwiches . . . Chianti . . . Wow!'
(Service included when we hired the yacht.)
'Say, what abridgement have you for us now?'
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

August for the banker and his favourite spot;
In sun-hat and shorts sipping daiquiri
through straws,
He lies cucumber cool by the pool of his yacht,
Reading his annual novel – an abridgement
of *Jaws*.
ERIC HOYLE

'A banker in a novel hat
Ate cucumber aboard his yacht' –
That's meaningful. Moreover, what
Abridgement can you make of that?
BARNEY BLACKLEY

Chloe, on deck, her hat awry,
Implores her banker friend to try.
Cursing, he blames the yacht; *mal-de-mer*
Causing abridgement of his cucumber.
'A pretty story that,' she wails,
'Not even novel. Daphnis *never* fails.'
VIVVER BRISTOW

Abridgement from sixteen to six my banker
has decreed.
My gardening hat's gone in the ring – a novel
step indeed.
I've sold the yacht, the extra plot, the green-
house and the fridge,
Tomatoes now must be 'outdoor' and all
cucumber 'ridge'.
To further trim my overdraft some prize I
need to get.
I've 'cut down', as requested (e'en to four)
and with no sweat.
TED MASH

My banker friend has bought a novel hat
To wear on board his yacht, and draw a crowd;
Cucumber green, it is. Well now, how's that
For neat abridgement of the length allowed?

(Really must tell you, seeing I've two
lines free:
No marks for spelling Housman with an 'e'.)
ALISON CLAYBOURNE

My hat! This comp. is asking quite a lot,
But still, cucumber-cool (N.B. 'no sweat'),
I'll make abridgement of a novel plot.
A Beauty Queen seduced aboard a yacht;
A Banker – murdered? – drowned? It's
simple yet
What else can you expect in a *sextet*?
A. J. WYBORN



Assiac

Chess Board

No 1391

Out of the Frying Pan

No doubt that in this position (/2r4k/3r1p1p/1p2p2 / p2pPp1P / P2P1Q2 / 6R1 / 1q2B1PK/8/) Koslov, Black against Sturda, is being gently fried; not so very gently either for though being the exchange down White has a magnificent attack.

To 'simplify' matters Black played . . . Qc1?? which certainly put him out of the frying-pan and straight into the fire. White countered Rg8f1 which either costs the Queen or after . . . Kg8: leads to Qg3f and tt.

A somewhat similar combinative pattern occurred in Vasiukov-Podgaitz in 1975 when this position was reached. /4r1k1/5pp1/2p4p/2P1qQ1P/Rp1Kkt3/1P4P1/5PK1/8/.

In the vain hope to 'simplify' Black had just

played . . . Qc7-e5 and was floored by Ra8!! with the sequel . . . Qe7 (what else?); 2) Ktc6! Qf8; 3) Re8:f.Qe8; 4) Ktb4:Ktd2; 5) c6 and Black resigned the hopeless game.

The first of these positions occurred in the Tcheljabinsk tournament of 1975 where some 60 up-and-coming masters battled in a 13 rounds Swiss for half a dozen of them to qualify for the Soviet Championship. Here (Bagirov-Matchulski) is another interesting position from the tournament. /1kt3rk1/qbbp1pp1/7p/2pB2Kt1/8/2B1P3/5PPP/3Q1RK1/.

It was imperative for Black to get rid of the dangerous Bd5, but instead of swapping he had blundered . . . h6. Instant k.o. by Qd3f with unanswerable tt either at h7 or (after Qg6) at g7.

And here (Savon-Kusmin) is another case of sudden death. The game was played in the 1975 First League Championship at Kichinjev. /r4r2 / pp3pbk / 4kt1pp / 3pPp2 / 3P4 / 2PB2Pq/PP2Q2P/2B1RRK1/.

After 1) Rf5!! Black resigned since, obviously, . . . gf: fails against 2) Qf3,Kg6; 3) Rf1, etc. Moreover, there is the fiendish threat of Rh5 which would be quite a killer.

The 4-pointer for beginners is very much in tune with the theme song, White (if I may mix my metaphors a bit) being on the frying pan

with a nasty b3-thorn in his flesh; by blundering Qd6?? he jumped straight into the fire, and note that the *coup de grace* comes in two successive stabs, as it were. For 6 ladder-points B is a win very elegantly achieved in four moves. C (for 7) a win too accomplished in half a dozen moves, a very agile Knight triumphing over a sadly discomfited Bishop. Usual prizes, entries by 2 August.

A: Valdes-St. Cruz: /r3r1k1/pq3ppp/bp1p1kt2/8/4P3/PpP2P2/3Q1KPP/R1B2Kt1R/.

B: Henri Rinck: /8/R6K/P6p/8/7p/2P5/8/3k3r/.

C: A. A. Troitzky: /8/7p/1p2p2b/P2k4/3P4/3K2Kt1/7P/8/.

Report on No 1388

Set 2 July

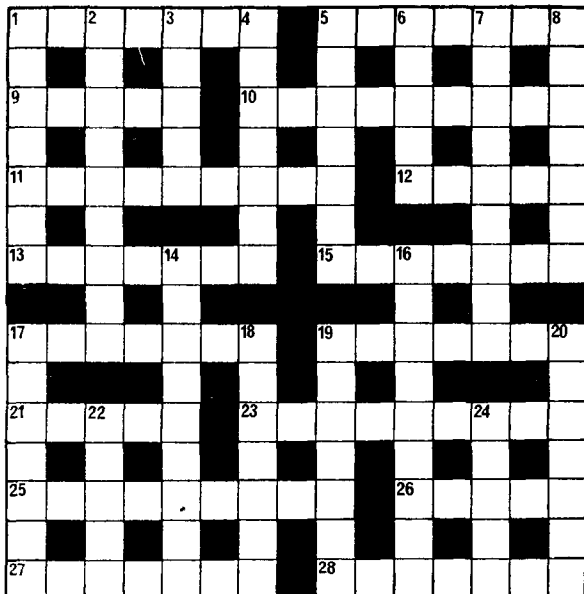
A: Qg6!! & curtains.
B: 1) Kc5f,Ka5(best); 2) Ra4f1,Ka4; 3) Rf3 (thr.:tt),Bb3; 4) Rf6f,Qf6; stalemate. Note that 2) Ra1?? allows . . . Qb6f, and that 1) . . . Kb3?? loses after 2) Rf2,Bb1; 3) Rb4f,Ka2; 4) Ra4f,Kb3; 5) Ra3f.

C: 1) a8=Qf,Qa8; 2) Re7f,Ktf5; 3) Rd8f1, Kd8; 4) Ktc6f,Kc8; 5) Kta7f, etc.

Prizes: G. Abrahams, R. C. Chaturvedi, E. W. Tarah, A. J. Sobey, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

Weekend Crossword 1174

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1174, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 3 August.



ACROSS

- Home for stray Tabitha (7).
- Wall provides a role with a mimic in it (7).
- Go through again and cut down about a hundred (5).
- Covers up after the act for they are disloyal (9).
- Unimpressive figures produced in the Twenties after the Depression (3, 6).
- Wisdom in three directions (5).
- Caught sight of a leopard? (7).
- 'When husbands or when — breathe their last' (Pope) (7).
- Scientist has to regret going back after history (7).
- Ways of putting things over as a poet (7).
- Behold him with time to make a likeness (5).
- Grow more to sustain the supporters (9).
- The poor react badly when united (9).
- Choose as tragic heroine deserted by artist (5).

- The pure incorporated in the dry (7).
- Part of water for aquatic sports champion? (7).

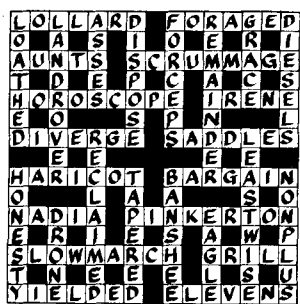
DOWN

- Injured man moves rapidly (7).
- Undeveloped country furthest from Jack? (9).
- The subject would have to choose if the king came afterwards (5).
- Taught what is possibly true to a large number (7).
- Old man with suns and protection from rays (7).
- Sways what are firm (5).
- Music which is no good for hill-billies? (9).
- Samplers with flowers behind head of table (7).
- Consequently putting a note round nearly all of the town (9).
- The vessel made for a pet river (9).
- One of these rulers would go north in charge (7).
- Supplant a bit of cloth with finer material (7).

- Dealers would be penniless if they lost rupees (7).
- Unusual respect for sign of authority (7).
- After sunrise hurried for the island (5).
- Where there is a contest you need a period in retreat (5).

SET SQUARE

Solution to No 1172



Prizewinners to No 1172

T. Clements (Liverpool)
H. Salomon (Jerusalem)
J. C. Mace
(Weston-Super-Mare)

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PROF. MAN, single, 31, interests camping, hiking, climbing, wishes meet girl 24-30. Share holiday Alps, Aug.-Sept? Box 4579.

INTERESTING COMPANY for Jewish divorcee, 50, London. Peaceful pursuits. Box 4767.

GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA. A companion wanted to share 'Figaro' 6 August, male, musical and mature. She looks forward to hearing from you. Box 4792.

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A YOUNG WOMAN, Birmingham based, views her social life with some distaste. She thinks a man friend might improve things no end, so please write to New Statesman post haste. Box 4777.

YOUNG AMERICAN WRITER, 20, leftist, currently working on several MSS in Marxist philosophy (Sartre & Lukács), science fiction and others, would like to meet a sincere, non-materialistic, intelligent female, 20-35, (not necessarily leftist), for possible friendship. Please include phone no. Box 4805.

MALE, 34, separated, varied int's, sks fr. for companionship, Manchester area. Box 4784.

PROF. MAN, 45, divorced, no ties, tall, personable, good appearance, varied interests, wishes contact attractive lady within 60 mls of Peterborough. Box 4770.

ATTRACTIVE DIVORCEE, 50s, much travelled, kind, happy, strong sense of humour, good listener, would like to meet cultured, unattached man for friendship. Box 4769.

CONTENTED WIDOW early fifties, 5' 7", slim, with stimulating professional job, an excellent terms grown-up family and with satisfactory circle of friends, nevertheless interested meeting widower, divorced, same age group, background, with wide general interests and who isn't on his own because of psychological hang-ups. Box 4798.

NORTH WEST. Professional man (50s), widely interested, would like to meet lady of good background, say 40-55. An educated mum or other might like to have tea somewhere. Box 4649.

I AM PRETTY plump and blonde, mature and living North West London. Where's my man, (50 or so), for sharing the years as they go? Box 4755.

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Theatres

CHICHESTER. 0243 86333. 22, 31 July at 2.0, 23, 24, 26, 28, 29 July at 7.0 'The Circle'; 22, 27, 30, 31 July at 7.0, 24, 29 July at 2.0 'Twelfth Night'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. Eves at 8. Sats 5 & 8.30 p.m. 'Sparrowfall' by Alan Drury. 'Crackles with wit, challenges with satirical purpose' - F.T.

LYTTLETON (New National Theatre). 928 2252. Fri. at 7.45, Sat. 2.30 & 7.45, Thurs. at 3 & 7.45: 'Plunder', by Ben Travers. Mon. & Tues. at 7 'Hamlet', Wed. at 7.45 'Weapons of Happiness'. Over 100 excellent £1 seats on sale day of performance.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Eves 8 p.m. Sats. 8.30. 'Small Change', written and directed by Peter Gill.

SUGAWN THEATRE. Duke of Wellington, Balls Pond Rd. N1. 254 1458. The Mutable Theatre Co. presents 'It Ain't All Music Hall', a documentary musical about Londoners 1888-1918. Performances 26-29 July incl. Admission 60p. Curtain up 8 o'clock.

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334

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VANBRUGH THEATRE CLUB. 29 July-1 Aug. Shakespeare: 'Hamlet'. Details RADA. 62 Gower St, London WC1. 636 7076.

Exhibitions

GANYMED GALLERY. 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836. Henry Moore's 'Sketchbook 1926' facsimile edition.

TATE GALLERY. Millbank, SW1. Four Exhibitions: Samuel Colman, William Townsend, John Latham and Michael Moon. Until 25 July. Weekdays 10-6. Sundays 2-6. Admission free.

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Meetings

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Edmund Dell, Secretary of State for Trade, on 'Socialist Policies', 7.30 p.m. 28 July, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Collection: all welcome.

'TRADE UNIONS & THE ENVIRONMENT'. Hear Jack Munday, Australian 'Green Ban' Campaigner, Bethnal Green Town Hall, (nr station) 29 July, 8 p.m. Socialist Environment & Resources Association, 17 Mentmore Terrace, E8. 01-986 3325.

ISLINGTON FABIAN SOCIETY. Wed. 28 July 8 p.m. 'Transport' Alderman P. Carter; 295 Upper St, N1.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY. 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 24 July 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 27 July 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY. S.a.e. for free pamphlets, booklist, programme of talks, September. ULT. 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

REMEMBER 1926

'The Historical Significance of the General Strike'. A Lecture by A. J. P. Taylor.

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Tuesday, 27 July 6 p.m.

Covent Garden Community Centre, 27 Shelton Street, WC1.

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